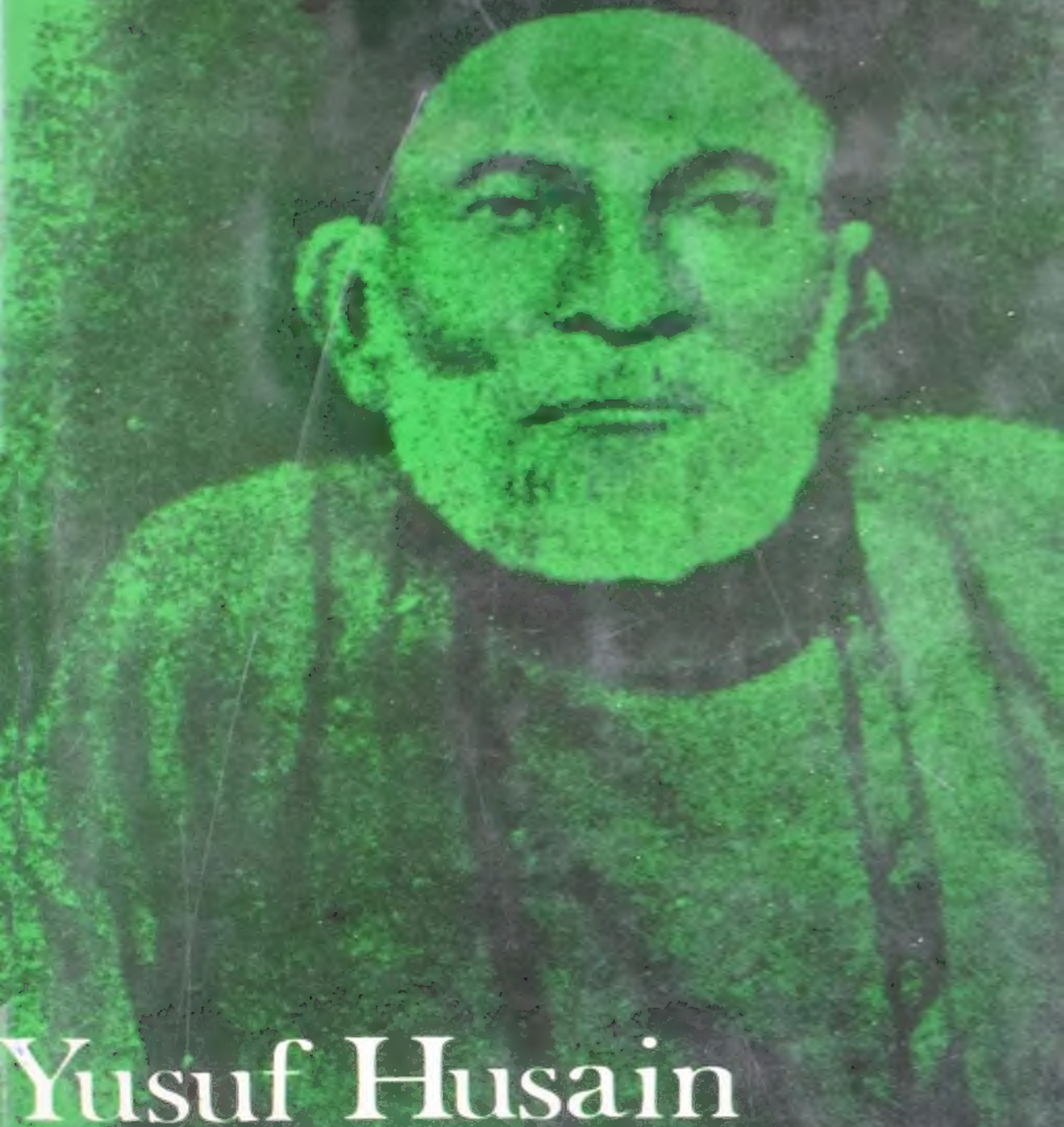


Persian Ghazals of GHALIB



Yusuf Husain

GHALIB

Ghalib (1797-1869) was the most intellectual poet and a versatile literary genius of his time. He was a great artist and possessed a vivid and dynamic personality. He had excelled in almost all branches of Persian poetry and prose. But his main field is *Ghazals* in which his colourful personality is fully projected. His *Ghazals* are characterised by the depth of thought and feeling, maturity of wisdom, original interpretation of reality awareness to problems of life, analogical expressions, humanism, liberalism etc. His *Ghazals* are the best expression of his poetic genius.

Now for the first time an exhaustive selection of Persian *Ghazals* of Ghalib has been translated into English by Dr. Yusuf Husain. By his attempt to introduce the great genius of his age to the European world, Dr. Yusuf Husain has rendered a great service to the cause of Indo-Persian culture and literature. The book would create interest in scholars and writers to initiate this great poet of India, as has been done in cases of Khayyam, Sadi, Hafiz, Jami and others.

Persian Ghazals of
G H A L I B

❀ Persian Ghazals of ❀
GHALIB

Translated into English by
Dr. Yusuf Husain

With an Introduction by
Prof. Nazir Ahmad



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FRONTISPIECE: MIRZA GHALIB

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To the Memory of
MIRZA GHALIB

❀ Introduction ❀

Ghalib was the most intellectual poet and a versatile literary genius of his time. He was a great artist and possessed a vivid and dynamic personality. He had excelled in almost all branches of Persian poetry and prose. But his main field is ghazal in which his colourful personality is fully projected. His ghazals are characterised by the depth of thought and feeling, maturity of wisdom, original interpretation of reality, awareness to problems of life, analogical expressions, humanism, liberalism etc. His ghazals are the best expressions of his poetic genius.

Ghalib has often been criticised for creating intricacies in his poetry. This may be true in the sense that in him we find the philosophical profoundness of Bedil with complex imageries and thoughtful diction. But ghazals full of freshness, optimism and lucidity are not rare. A representative ghazal reads as under :

“If thou dost not believe,
In my anxious waiting, come !
Don't produce lame excuses,
Don't be quarrelsome, come !

“My heart cannot be gladdened,
With one or two gestures of oppression;
I swear in the name of my death,
That thou should come with all the provisions of time.

“Thou hast severed thyself from us,
And to others pledged thyself;
Yet come to us, since the promise
Of thy constancy is not binding.

“The nature of patience is more delicate
Than the disposition;
Come to me—my hand and heart
Are growing numb through lack of use”.

Ghalib was an artist and has drawn attractive pictures of the beloved. His matchless art of portrayal is revealed in many a ghazal. In one of his ghazals he says :

“One whose coquetry,
Has the manners of an infidel,
Has robbed my heart of strength,
One of high stature with a short tunie.

“Like sudden death,
Exceedingly bitter,
And like sweet life
Of little constancy.
With curling ringlets,
Wearing a musk coloured veil;
With the dazzling radiance of her body,
Wearing a golden mantle,
When receiving supplications,
Like Laila scornfully rejecting;
And in spite of Ghalib,
Praising Majnun.”

Ghalib's ghazals indicate that he had full awareness to such matters as a man had to face in everyday life. In one line he states that learning and scholarship are such that their value cannot be fixed in terms of money or position. He ridicules the social conditions of the time in which people of little understanding occupied the position of authority and power. The line runs :

“Knowledge is independent of position,
Position is unaware of knowledge,
Thy gold (worth) is unfit for a touchstone,
While mine needs no touchstone (to test its worth).”

In another line we find a reference to the fluid social and political conditions of his age. The line runs :

“Whatever the gatherer of time,
Seized opening, he gave not back;
Whatever the writer of Fate wrote secretly,
He would not erase.”

Ghalib's Persian ghazals have great ethical value. According to him man is the best creation; he should not debase himself at any cost; he should not accept gratification which results in self mortification. In one line he states that to a selfless person even the so-called auspicious shadow of *Huma* causes heaviness. In another line he says that Jamshid is to be followed in that he was a pleasure seeker and not in that he was a personification of pomp and grandeur. Again he gives a new interpretation to the allusions of Alexander and Jamshid. According to him, the former's invention of mirror is based on his self glorification; while the later's introduction of drinking is a healthy contribution to the advancement of human society.

Ghalib was not a mystic; but his poetry specially his ghazals are full of mystical thought. It is to be noted that in the treatment of mystical ideas he has given new and original interpretation. In describing such themes, he has gone to the extent of despising the heavenly pleasures a faithful is destined to enjoy. Some of his lines remind us of an anecdote attributed to the eminent female sufi saint Rabia of Basra. She is stated to pass through the bazar holding a burning candle in one hand and a glass of water in another. On somebody's enquiry she is reported to have retorted that she would like to burn the paradise by the burning candle she was holding and extinguish the fire of hell with the water in the cup so that the people may have sincerity in their prayers. They should worship Allah in the manner He deserves to be worshipped and not in the hope of obtaining the pleasures of the paradise or securing immunity from the dreadful fire of the hell. One line runs as follows :

“So that none who cherishes his body
Might fall into the trap;
I wish there was no grain,
To bait the snare.”

Ghalib was a believer in the theory of unity of soul called "Wahdatul Wajud". For example he says :

"Each smell requires,
A correct sense of smelling;
The smell coming from the garment (of Joseph)
Was correctly sensed in Kanan (by Jacob)."

In another line he says :

"The clue of His unity
Is found in His diversity,
To all the countless numbers,
The common figure is one."

Again he says :

"O glorious manifestation of multicoloured hues,
Where art thou, after all? Here in this world,
Whatever sign of Thee was given
Has been wrong, yes, it was wrong".

Ghalib generally gives philosophical depth to any event he describes. But his ghazals are chiefly characterised by novelty of thought and expression. One can hardly find a line in which his poetic genius is not employed in its full in creating some subtle point in it. One line runs as follows :

"In short, my heart is also
Inclined towards piety,
But because of the ignominy of the devout,
I have adopted the state of an infidel."

A few lines from a "continuous" ghazal are as follows :

"The sky is nothing but the smoke of imagination;
The world is a bewildered dream.
The wilderness is the accumulation of dust of fancy;
A melted drop has been given the name of limitless ocean.
Spring is but a small fire created by the wind,
And the scar of the flame has been called autumn.
A foreign land not agreeing to one's temperament
Is regarded as a native land.
The narrow loop of the snare is the name of the nest."

Ghalib has occasionally satirised the political, social and moral conditions of the time. Such verses are good specimens of his artistic achievements. In one of the lines, he says :

“Thou hast set over the sky
For our destruction;
Does whatever the robber has snatched from us,
Not reach thy treasury.”

In another line he says that man being the offspring of Adam may put his claim to paradise. But what would happen if he does not prove himself worthy of his lineage. It is a good satire on the decaying moral conditions.

Ghalib's intellectual imageries add to the grace of his verses. In one line he compares poetry to a steed, its subtlety to the speed of the charger and writing to the dust raised by a speeding horse. In another line wine has been compared with the occasional flashes of lightning which is the only source to keep a man on the right path.

The state of one's confusion in the tavern has been compared in a line with the sound being lost in the ear of the deaf.

In another line the burden of trust cast on 'man' has been compared with wine which falls on the ground when the cup is overfull. Besides the comparison each of earth, cup and wine with the man, the heaven and the trust respectively adds grace to the verse.

In another line the vehement complaint against the oppressive acts of the beloved has been called the force of a flood which is likely to break the seal on the mouth. The breaking of the seal on the mouth is a synonym for speaking.

In another graceful line the divine displeasure has been called a stream of honey which has the quality of wine. As the taste of wine is bitter to non-drunkards and sweet and agreeable to drunkards so is the beloved's anger, disagreeable to non-lovers and agreeable to lovers.

Ghalib was an artist and he was fully aware that without being associated with original interpretation the hackneyed allusions would lose their charm. This is why we see that the poet has imparted dynamism to the conventional allusions and references. In one of the lines Alexander has been called an embodiment of self glorification, and Jamshid of pleasure and joy. The former is thus detestable while the latter an agreeable personality. The poet gives a reason for the sudden arrival of the caravan to the well, where Joseph was confined in this line :

“This should be credited to the power
Of Zulaikha's restlessness,
That the pathway of the caravan
Led to the well where Joseph has been cast.”

The poet advances new argument to prove that immunity from death in respect of Khizr, Ilyas and Messiah is a source of despair as against death which is a source of satisfaction in an hour of despair and disappointment.

One of the significant achievements of Ghalib's ghazal writing is that a considerable number of hemistiches and even some verses have grown proverbial and may appropriately be used in illustrating various facts of life. This indicates that his poetry is most suggestive and has therefore great quality of popular appeal. A few specimens in original may be quoted below :

پروانه چراغ مزار خودمیم ما
بدار الملک معنی میکنم فرمان روائی ما
دیوار و در و نسا زد ز زندانیان غم را
آموخته را باز سبق می کنم امشب
تعمیر باندازه ویرانی مانیت
گلگون شوق را رگ گل تازیانه ایست

هفت آسمان بگردش و مادر میانه ایم
 لاری دروغ مصاحبت آمیز گفته اند
 روزی که سیه شد سحر و شام ندارد
 غریب شهر سخفهای گفتنی دارد
 فرهنگ نامه های تمنا نوشته ایم
 ای می از قحط خریداری کهن خواهد شدن
 پیدانه ای جنبش مضراب کجائی

Ghalib's forceful diction is a special feature of his poetry. He has introduced hundreds of new phrases and expressions which in most cases are his own coinage. This accounts in some degree, for his popularity among his Indian admirers who have a craze for originality of thought and expression. It is also somewhat responsible for his unpopularity among those who have a predilection for simplicity and freshness. A thoughtful poetry with complex imageries loses its appeal specially to the Iranians. Moreover "Indianism" of some of his words and phrases may loose the charm of his poetry to a native Persian. Ghalib's extraordinary zeal and inquisitiveness for something new and alarming caused him to hold a fictitious work like *Dasatir* as a genuine and a very important composition. Thus he has freely used in his writings, special prose, such Dasatiri words as had no precedence in Persian. Despite this, his extraordinary capacity for coining new phrases and expressions has added new dimensions to his diction specially in his ghazal writing. It is worthwhile to quote a few examples in original.

گد از جوهر رفتار	سرغزل رسانی اندیشه	ذوق دل آویزی سکون
زنگینی قماش غبار	آئینه حسرت دیدار	آلایش پندار وجود
کافر ماجرائی	پابسته نور دخیالی	شبگیر هر وان تمنا
کمند جذبه طوفان	در زش سجود	دولوه عمر سبک تاز
زمهر بر سینه آسودگان	لطافت پرواز سعی ابر بهار	پیما نه ذوق نظر
نشاط لذت آزار	نفس گداختگی برای شوق	طرز فریب نگاه نیم رس
کمند سوار تو سن ناز	سرمایه قطره	گد از خس و غار
صد دام پیچ و تاب شوق	سردی نفس نامه بر	دود سودا
هلاک شیوه تمکین	تاب موم فتنه	سراب آتش
	گلگشت جگر	غازه رخسار هوس

Ghalib has received inspiration from the great masters of Persian ghazal some of whom have been mentioned in his well-known statement available in his *Kulliyat*. It is certain that he has left out the names of some of his predecessors who had also been a source of inspiration to him such as Sadi, Hafiz and others. It may, however, be noted that despite receiving inspiration from the earlier masters he was "capable of striking his own characteristic posture and style of address". It is worthwhile to quote his statement :

"Although genius which is a divine angel, was, at the outset, pleasant spoken and excellent seeker, yet earlier, due to wide stepping it followed in the footsteps of those who did not know the right path and regarded their crooked walking to be a slip caused by intoxication until in its diligent search, the forerunners because of the auspiciousness of the worth of my companionship which they discovered in me, showed me favour and their heart moved out of compassion. They felt sorry for my wanderings and looked upon me as my teacher would look upon. Shaikh Ali Hazin, with his numbled smile exposed my deviation before my eyes, and the venom of the glance of Talib Amuli and lightning of the eyes of Urfi Shirazi burnt the matter of absurd and undesirable movements

in my path-treading foot. Zuhuri, with his soul-grasping attention, tied amulet on my arm and provision with my waist, and Naziri, the reckless wanderer caused me to follow his own particular way. Now due to auspiciousness of the attentive fostering care of this group, my dancing pen is a partridge in its graceful walking, pandeanpipe in singing for joy, a peacock in splendour and *Anqa* in flight."

It must be admitted that despite his glowing tributes to the genius of the great masters of the Mughal regime, whose styles he has followed and in whose metric pattern, he has composed a considerable number of ghazals, it is too much to expect from an individualist and egoist like Ghalib to have followed any one of them blindly. He has, no doubt, been benefitted by their wisdom and experience; but being conscious of his poetic genius, he never regarded him inferior to any one of them. There are several statements available in his writings to substantiate this point. For example :

1. While writing in his preface to the *Kulliyat-e-Nazm-i-Farsi* he speaks about himself as the last candle kindled by the fire of the half burnt candles of the earlier masters.

2. Again he distinguishes himself from his predecessors as they were mere candle and he was as bright as the sun.

3. The well known ghazal in admiration of his contemporary Indo-Persian poets is really a praise of his own genius.

And now a few words about the translation of Ghalib's select ghazals into English. Dr. Yusuf Husain Khan who was a renowned scholar and a distinguished critic could have explained his views about this rendering but unfortunately the destiny had willed otherwise. His sudden death left this task unfinished. However in his earlier work, translation of Ghalib's Urdu Ghazals into English, he has explained his point of view regarding his translation and in my view the same point must have been kept in mind in this translation as well. So I quote here the relevant statement :

"I am fully conscious of the inadequacy of the medium of

rendering the poetic creations of one language into another, especially if they happen to be so desperate and traditionally different from each other as Urdu and English. Yet the task though difficult and challenging, had to be undertaken so that Ghalib's experience and sensibility could be made known to the wider English reading public all over the world.

"Ghalib is a master of ghazal, which though apparently lacking unity of theme has its own organic form pulsating with creative imagination which imparts an underlying unity. Ordinarily each verse of the ghazal is complete in itself although at times it may be connected with other couplets through continuity of thought and feeling.

"There are two ways of tackling translation from one language into other. The first is to translate word by word what the poet says, and the second is to reproduce the spirit of what is said or rather what the translator believes to be the spirit. This later way, at its best, can produce fine poetry, but in the process it becomes something quite different from the original. In this translation I have tried to maintain a faithful accuracy to the actual words used by Ghalib, neither leaving anything out, nor adding anything extra, except when for the sake of intelligibility it was imperative. Urdu is a very subtle language, making use of slender nuances of meaning, and Ghalib is a master of play on words. Wherever possible I have tried to indicate in the translation, although of course it is not feasible to reproduce it."

The Second choice open to the translator of poetry, is whether he should endeavour to convey the original in poetry or in prose. If in prose, then the thought content of the poetry will survive, but much of the magic of the original will be lost. If poetry is chosen then, what form should it take? The ghazal is a very precise verse form, depending upon the musical values of rhythm and rhyme (*Qafia*). English lyrics have equally precise forms. It is well-nigh impossible to interpret one verse form in terms of another. Moreover, the limitations imposed by rhyme reduce considerably the choice

of words available. By insisting on rhyme one has either to sacrifice strict accuracy, or one has to run the risk of producing doggerel. I have tried to avoid these pitfalls, by sacrificing 'rhyme'. In some cases, where there is a striking end, rhyme in the original has been retained. I have, however been careful to maintain rhythm, since it is largely through rhythm that the emotion is conveyed. The couplets almost invariably are divided into two parts, and the idea in the first half is elaborated by, or played against the second half. For the sake of convenience, I have usually spread the original two lines, over four, but through the rhythm have sought to bring out the division between the two halves, and emphasise the complementary nature of the two parts which create each verse.

"No attempt has been made to fit the words of Ghalib into any formal metrical pattern but I have let them flow in as natural and spontaneous a manner as possible. It is, however, acknowledged that the emotional intensity and pathos of lyrical poet can not be adequately rendered from one language into another. To this Ghalib's poetic art is no exception."

Dr. Yusuf Husain Khan has been confronted with the same problems in introducing Persian ghazals to English readers, as have been the case with the hordes of other translators of Persian classics, specially of the ghazals of Hafiz. It has been suggested that Hafiz needs a Fitz Gerald to be naturalised in 'this' country for his best is untranslatable, because he is the best 'Musician of the words'. This is applicable in a certain degree to Ghalib as well.

It has been further stated that for 'Persian ghazals verse translation has some drawbacks. Sir William Jones, recommended a version in modulated but unaffected prose in preference to rhymed couplets, and though not a single image or thought is to be added by the translator, yet it would be allowable to omit several conceits, which would appear unbecoming in an European dress; for the poem with its beauties, has conceits in it, like black spots on some very beautiful flowers'. As Dr. Yusuf Husain has maintained a faithful accuracy and has refrained from adding anything, his translation of Ghalib's

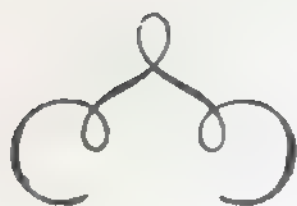
verse in prose conforms to principles laid down in the aforesaid statement.

One of the most difficult problems faced by the translators is the rendering of abundant compounds and wordplay. In this context what Hindley speaks about Hafiz is applicable in a greater degree to Ghalib. "Apart from the extreme melodiousness, simplicity and delicacy of Hafiz's diction, it is extremely difficult to reproduce in English his frequent use of compounds and his recondite and lively play of words." Ghalib's thoughtful diction, his complex imagery and more frequent use of difficult compounds made the task of rendering his verses in English extremely difficult. Dr. Yusuf Husain has attempted to settle these difficult problems in his own way and it is his readers who would judge how far he has succeeded in his endeavour. But this much is quite certain that by his attempt to introduce the great genius of his age to the European world, he has rendered a great service for the cause of Indo-Persian culture and literature. I hope this translation would create interest in European scholars and writers to initiate this great poet of India, as has been done in cases of Khayyam, Sadi, Hafiz, Jami and others.

Aligarh,
26th September, 1979.

NAZIR AHMAD

Part One



ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF

Persian Ghazals

O thou whose wont is to create a tumult,
In privacy and in the crowd,
When thou art with the multitude, Thou speakest,
But in solitude Thou art in all the inner-happenings.

Thy loving beauty, in the ways
Of heart-ravishing, has as its attributes
The waving ringlets and hair-thin waist
Of the phenomenal world.

The caravan of Thy stricken ones
Travels without food and water,
While Thy affluent ones
Approach the table without appetite.

Do not underestimate my weeping;
It is predestined in eternity without beginning
That this stream will cause the revolution
Of the mill-stones of the seven heavens.

We are devoid of wisdom and good deeds,
But yet we are filled with Thy love;
Our intoxication is perpetual
Since we break our fast with wine.

Entrust paradise to Ghalib,
Since in that garden he would be
An enraptured nightingale,
Singing new select melodies.

Our silence has been the cause
Of spoiling the idols;
Else formerly our laments
Were wont to ensure results.

We are under obligation
To the effect of our constancy;
This way has demonstrated
The worth of others.

What is it that causes this agitation
In the nature of spring ?
It seems that through fear of thee
The heart of autumn became stained with blood.

We have not strength to oppose
The riotous tumult of life;
So we have taken the reins from sighing
And given them into the hands of grief.

In our drunkenness we were searching
The flower-garden of paradise;
Our surmise found its way through the dust
Raised by thy graceful walking.

O dust of Thy door, which is the Ka'ba
Of the heart and soul of Ghalib,
From Thy grace stems all the adornment
Of existence in this world.

Thou did'st enquire about our well-being
From the other, and for this we are thankful;
At least this shows
That thou wast not aware of our condition.

Thanks to freedom, joy and grief
Do not settle in the heart;
In our sieve, wine
And pure blood are the same.

O life of Ghalib, thou dost still think
That he has strength to speak;
Thou art most cruel to enquire
From us about our own condition.

Suddenly, if intoxicated thou dost come
From the gate of our rose-garden,
The growing rose will on its own
Reach up to touch the edge of our turban.

We are desirous of seclusion, and are busy
In safeguarding our reputation;
Our dignity consists in consuming
The essence of our gait.

The grief that the heart must bear
Gives an edge to our speech;
The parrot in our mirror
Has become verdigris for us.

By melting down our whole existence
We have drunk our morning draught;
The sun of Doomsday's morning
Is our brimful goblet.

We are dissatisfied with our fidelity,
And ashamed of her cruelty;
Alas, the ill-success
Of thine attempt to torment us.



Don't indulge in all this flirting and amorous
dalliance!

Take possession of both heart and soul;
My tender feelings cannot bear the thought
Of thy exacting requisition.

Through dejection, I have become a mirage
Of fire—like a candle in a picture;
I practice the deception of gallantry
For the sake of the spectators.

When we closed our eyes, we drew a line
Through the existence of the world;
We departed from ourselves,
And carried the world with us.

She is not worried that her prey is restless
In the snare of indifference;
I know not what has obstructed
The careless glance.

From this estrangement friendship flows;
She practises bashfulness,
And under cover of the veil
She makes us infamous.

O Ghalib, beware of the intense cold
In the breast of the well-satisfied;
How many are the obligations
On the heart of the impatient soul!



They have mingled the wing of the moth
And the beak of the bird of the garden,
And from the sediment of this mixture
They have formed my nature.

My eyes and heart are sacrificed to thee,
So ask me not about the manner of embellishment;
One who is ruined by a taste for plucking flowers,
What can he know of the ways of gardening?

I am proud of the delight
In relishing the anguish which in intoxication
Has put an end to the wished-for
Calamity of sudden death.



Whether manifest or hidden,
It is dedicated to thy plundering grief;
Like the colour of our face,
Our heart has flown from our breast.

It's worth seeing—how one loses
One's identity in love;
Thy reflection in our mirror
Has taken the semblance of our face.

O Ghalib, tonight the whole of it
Must drip from my eyes;
Perhaps the blood of the heart
Was our last night's wine.



The heart itself is from Thee;
It owes existence to Thy desire
To purchase it; all my argument
On profit and loss is on account of this.

In paradise there is a stream of wine
And a stream of honey,
But thy ruby lips are for me
Both the one and the other.

As they imprison in a bottle
The one born of a fairy,
So thy lovely face within my heart
Is hidden from all eyes.

Many a thorn has been burnt
By the heat of my gait;
The foot-steps of travellers
Will be obligated to me.

Ghalib, I am that traveller, scorched with heat,
Who plunged into the river;
The provisions on the bank
Are my only sign.

❀ 9 ❀

The thorn of thy pathway
Catches at our skirt like a friend;
One would say that all along
It had been hidden in our attire.

Without thee I am as wine
In a bottle, which is yet separate
From the bottle; in our frame
The soul is not intermingled with our body.

In the desert, shade and a stream of water
Give pleasure for a while,
If anxiety to reach the destination
Does not rob us of our ease.

The ant only flies
In a vain attempt to save its life;
What kind of lightning has been marked out
For the destruction of our gathered harvest ?

Who can doubt our claim to love,
When the blood of our heart
Is struggling to ooze out
From the jugular vein ?

Because of its rare subtlety
Our poesy cannot be expressed in writing;
By the flight of our steed,
No dust is raised.

In vain the parrots try to utter
Mournful songs, with beaks stained
With liver's blood; through envy of our speech
They have gulped the blood of the liver.

We were not agreeable, O Ghalib,
To accept this position for ourselves;
Poesy itself voiced the desire
To become our art.

❁ 10 ❁

We have placed our footprint
On the pathway, so that the way
To the delights of sightseeing
Might be blocked for the friend.

Envy has opened the door of hell
For the jealous ones;
And we on our part
Have shut the door to paradise.

Into my soul itself, the burning desire
For thee has penetrated;
Without cause we have slandered
Our liver for bearing a scar.

Thou dost declare, that constancy has no effect;
With such simplicity
Thou dost imply
That we had bound our heart to its result.

Everywhere there is wailing; our only ambition
Is to fulfil our obligation to her;
This is why we have fastened an amulet
To the soaring wing of the morning bird.

❀ 11 ❀

In the dust of exile
We are our own mirror-holder;
Which is to say that we are helpless
Here in our own land.

Expect no other melody
From the music of our ecstasy;
We are the sound
Of the breaking of our own strings.

The thought of longing for the rose
Was so dear to us, that our very being
Is blood-stained, and we have ourselves
Become the flower-garden and the spring.

We are totally dedicated to ourselves,
And our heart is wrapped up in self-concern;
One would say that we signify
The assault of the stifled desires of our own affairs.

Through the ferment of the drop
We have become dissolved in our tears
Yet indeed we are still there
On our front opening and our skirt.

We are this handful of dust
Which is scattered in all directions;
O Lord, in this world,
How is our worth to be reckoned?

I am grateful to myself
For whatever treatment I have received from thee;
Even for thy complaints,
We have ourselves to thank.

Even though laments are required,
Still we are filled with desire for her;
We are like the moth of the lamp
That is lighted on our tomb.

The dust of our existence
Is leavened with liver's blood;
Thus we add colour to the worthless stuff
Of our own flying dust.

Everyone bears witness
To his own ambition;
We ourselves are a companion
To our own drunkenness and drowsiness.

The thread of the glance that follows us
Is like a string of pearls;
We are the gait
Of our own blistered feet

O Ghalib, like the person and his image
In the mirror of thought,
We with ourself are one,
Yet we encounter ourself.

❀ 12 ❀

How delightful it would be to involve
Two witnesses in the argument for blandishment;
Sight with the creation of subtleties,
And breath annointed with the silence of antimony.

In short, my heart is also
Inclined towards piety,
But because of the ignominy of the devout
I have adopted the state of an infidel.

Ghalib, I care not that in appearance
I am classed among the beggars;
In the realm of the spirit
I am a sovereign monarch.

❀ 13 ❀

My nest has been destroyed
And ruins please my heart;
Walls and door do not agree
With the temperament of grief's prisoners.

O devout one, be not so proud
That thou hast broken my sacred thread;
No one can steal from my forehead
The prostration reserved for the idol.

Ghalib, through excess of weeping
Not a tear drop remains unshed;
One could say that the flood came
And washed all moisture from the eyes,

❀ 14 ❀

Thou can'st rob me with a single word,
Uttered with a loving glance;
With the swaying curve of thy
Imaginary waist, thou can'st deceive me.

There will surely be a story
About the anguish of my heart;
And by a half-nod of thy head
Thou can'st deceive me.

I and the claim of being infatuated ?
Never, its impossible!
Why should I be enamoured
When so easily thou can'st deceive me ?

Although the might of separation
Has no morning,
Yet in a way, this talking
About the morning can deceive me.

I recognise the friend by no other sign
Except through the tear in the veil;
In a door, even through the peephole
Of the door can'st thou deceive me.

Ghalib, my nature is this,
Otherwise I am not that one
Who by faith in the hope of effect
Can be deceived.

❀ 15 ❀

Wish not that these drunken ones should be lost
Through the graceful gestures of thy dignity;
Come to them as unrestrained
As the fresh breeze of spring.

Thou hast severed thyself from us
And to the others pledged thyself;
Yet come to us, since the promise
Of thy constancy is not binding.

Parting and meeting—
Each has its separate relish;
A thousand times if thou dost leave,
Come back to me a hundred thousand times.

I have been duped by thy coquetry;
Therefore I wish no-one
To come and enquire
About my hope-filled soul.

The nature of patience is more delicate
Than thy disposition;
Come to me - my hand and heart
Are growing numb through lack of use.

It is usual in a monastery to make
Affirmation of existence. Never go there!
The merchandise of the tavern is intoxication,
So come there, soberly.

Ghalib, if thou dost wish
To fortify thy safety,
Then like us, come into the circle
Of the humble profligates.

❀ 16 ❀

I desire that wine,
Which when poured out,
By its own ferment
Causes the circulation of the goblet.

O keeper of the tavern, be not incensed,
Since I am innocent;
In a state of drunkenness
I donned the pilgrim's garb.

So that none who cherishes his body
Might fall into the trap,
I wish there was no grain
To bait the snare.

As my faith is firm
In the unseen,
So from the invisible mouth of the friend
I seek to realise my desire.

Always for the few
There is general trouble,
And every moment for the commonalty
There is especial delight.

The heart-ravisher is in a rage!
Ask not a kiss at such a time, O Ghalib;
Although love does not distinguish
One moment from another.

❀ 17 ❀

The instrument and the goblet,
The melody and the wine—all are fire;
From the fire-eating salamander wilt thou discover
The way to the banquet of my pleasure.

It is not possible to live
Free from the savour of thy cruelty;
Thou must find out the touchstone
For my complaints that are without a cause.

O Saqi, the liquid thou dost pour out
Drop by drop from the bowl of wine
Makes my lips laugh at the desire
For the river of paradise.

❀ 18 ❀

I have no control
Over the turbulence of my nature;
The waves of lustre in my pearl
Have made me tempestuous.

Although I am concentrated
Like the waves of lustre in the pearl,
My heart still hankers for
The free fluttering of wings.

By the sea-shore I would sacrifice my life
To my sense of honour,
If I suspected that the tidal wave
Bore the wrinkle of a frown for me.

❀ 19 ❀

By imagining ourselves to be a separate drop,
In ourselves we become lost;
If we are free from this false idea,
We become the ocean.

We are hidden in the world,
But in reality are the essence
Of the world; like the drop
We are lost in the flow of the ocean.

❀ 20 ❀

How fortunate the soul
Whom grief has seized entire;
From our despondency enquire about
The generous joy of our expectancy.

Like the fragrance of the rose,
We are dispersed in the frenzy of our drunkenness;
Ask not about this, for the rein of our free will
Is broken in a hundred places.

As the 'colour of the rose shines forth,
The heat of its splendour increases;
One could say that our spring
Is the kabab of our inner fire.

The adversaries would have seen unveiled
The ardour of our love for thee,
If the spring season
Had not concealed it 'neath its skirt.

How happy that vagrancy,
If in the wandering of yearning desire,
The fistful of dust that is our existence,
Adheres to the thread of thy skirt.

Here the young plant of the candle
Grows by its diminishing;
O Ghalib, we are watered by the melting
Of the essence of our being.

❁ 21 ❁

At the end of love, I recall the time
When first I gave my heart to that heart-stealer
Who made no promise to me
To observe the covenant of fidelity.

I have no strength to keep the secret,
And yet I am afraid of disgrace;
Perhaps in dumbness I am seeking
A fellow speaker of my language.

In the composition of man,
The original element is anguish of the heart;
The root of every hair in every living being
Is smeared with blood.

❀ 22 ❀

We have been fondly reared
In the merciful tavern of submission;
The raised head of our pride
Is laid low at thy feet.

Our wonderment is the mirror
Of the friend's renown;
The pathway to her street
Is our lost breath.

Every path in the flower-garden
That leads to thy image
Is a tear in the front-opening
Of our yearning desire.

❀ 23 ❀

I am awestruck by the glorious manifestation
Of the sorcery of thought;
Before our own self
Do not hold up a mirror.

In this world one should not be absorbed
By the relishing of pleasure;
Our fly sits on sugar-candy,
And not on honey.

Why ask about the length of love's journey?
In this highway the sound
Of our camel-bell is like the settling
Of the descending dust.

❀ 24 ❀

So that the drained colour of the restless ones
Should not bring about disgrace,
For fear of thy glance, the liver of those
Who know the secret is shedding blood.

Inspite of their prostration before God,
The forehead of the devout did not shine
With such radiance as the face of the drunken ones
Glowed with the heat of the wine.

Alas for the awareness
Whose entire equipment is despair!
Men of sobriety receive no advantage
From intoxication—save insensibility.

Ghalib, I suffer much distress
Through my taste for poesy; it were better
If I had been blessed with patience
And my friends with a portion of justice.

❀ 25 ❀

I know not what lightening-like calamity
Will strike my reason,
Since I have been imagining the breaking
Of the fastening knot of her veil.

From the heat of thirst, I give good news
Of honour to my soul;
For me, the surging wave of the sea
Is the lasso of its furious passion.

Riding the steed of coquetry,
She passes over the dust of my grave;
O desire, grow as much as you can,
That you may reach up to touch her stirrup.

The thought of her was a prey
In the snare of love's restlessness;
In my drunkenness I mistook
Her perplexity for coquetry.

❀ 26 ❀

Just like the rose-bud,
Her pure body's sensuous ferment
Had burst through and torn
The tight shirt on her delicate body.

In our madness we have drawn
An image of the coquetry of the friend;
We have painted her playfulness
And graceful manner in a myriad colours.

❀ 27 ❀

The secret of the lover is disclosed
By the draining of his colour;
Although we are sternly self-contained
Yet without asking, we attain our goal.

We are the sun
In the world of our wanderings;
With feet worn out,
We continue to run upon our knees.

O Ghalib, no more
Shall we trouble our friends;
Our poetry is meant
Only for ourselves.

❀ 28 ❀

The heat of her blazing beauty
Burns the veil; by this I understand
It does not like
The obstruction of a curtain.

I am proud of the splendour of the wine
When it reflects the beauty of the friend;
You would say that the sun itself
Had been squeezed into the cup.

Through the heat of her ardour
The wine itself has started boiling;
In playful mood, she pours the wine
From the transparent flask into the cup.

❀ 29 ❀

By enduring the test of affliction,
I brought my heart the happy news
Of love's attention; the tide of the surging flood
I imagined as the lasso of passion's deluge.

Laying aside all conventions, I am athirst
For kissing and embracing her;
From my pathway then,
Remove the snare of hidden kindnesses.

My idol has all the attributes of spring,
When plucking flowers she strolls in such a graceful
Swaying manner, that without effort
Her skirt is filled with flowers.

Whether it is smoke rising from the heart,
Or whether a wave of colour,
In every form of reality, my thought is the comb
For the curly locks of my distracted dream.



For my bosom there is good news
Of closeness to the friend in privacy;
I have deceived her by the claim
Of testing my piety.

The world is so taken up with wine
And the beloved, that one would think,
After the creation of Adam,
Heaven was sent to the earth.

Ghalib, the target of perfection is still far off;
In poetry mere skill is not enough;
With this strong and heavy bow
I am testing my hand and arm.

Our musk-scented wine is the willow
That hedges our sown field;
It is for us the stream and fount and tree
Of paradise—indeed 'tis paradise itself.

When we can be intoxicated by the thought,
Why should there be this stifled desire for union?
If the cloud does not rain, who cares—
Our sown field lies on the bank of a stream.

Fearlessly come out of thyself!
Open thy lips with the words "I am the beloved idol".
No law sanctions seizing and holding,
In the ways of our temple.

Wine may be prohibited, but witty speech
Is not against the Divine law;
If thou dost not appreciate the good in us,
At least don't taunt us for the bad.

The beauty of the friend is enamoured
With its own glorious manifestation;
Give good tidings of nearness to our sight,
Which has failed to reach the destination.

They lag behind through fatigue,
Who surrender their footsteps in the valley of illusion;
Yearning desire for thee has carved a pathway
Through the vein of the sleeping foot.

We ourselves are the destination
Of the perfection of our own image;
Thy glorious manifestation, without guidance,
Has hidden itself in us.

Ghalib, I have cut myself off
From everyone, so that after this
I may choose a secluded corner
And worship God.

❀ 33 ❀

Through restlessness of heart
I am freed from all anxiety;
In the rocking of this cradle
One can find repose.

Like the blazing flame of thy face,
Thy nature is made evident;
With the lustre of this wine,
How long wilt thou deceive my sight?

In the assembly,
Seeing the splendour of the Saqi's face,
The candle like an intoxicated rose
Has thrust itself before my sight.

❀ 34 ❀

As thou dost come from the rival's company,
I die upon thy way, so that
From the abashed remorse of thy coquetry
I might recapture my heart from thee.

In the agitation of desire,
Each veil that covers thy face,
Is as the curtain in the instrument
That itself produces melody for thee.

❧ 35 ❧

Destiny, entrusts to each his duty
According to a reckoned measure;
The swift of foot are given the task
Of traversing the valley of sorrow.

Thou must efface thine existence
If thou art a traveller on the way;
The baggage of those with skirt besmirched,
Is heavy to bear through the valley.

In this world are the distinguished
And the common people; the one are proud
The other humble : Ghalib, ignore the first
And leave the others to their fate.

❧ 36 ❧

Arise and understand those who have gone astray
And guide them to the right path;
Sometimes discern the tumult-increasing
And aspiring glance.

The world is a mirror of secrets,
Both manifest and hidden;
If thou hast not the capacity for thought,
Then discern it with thy glance.

If thou can'st not comprehend
The meaningful significance of things, the
 manifestation
Of their appearance is no less important;
Discern the beauty of curled tresses and the fold of
 the turban.

The grief of dejection has burned me;
Where art thou, O yearning desire ?
Discern my breath
In the fluttering wings of my sighs.

How far have we become the mirror
Of stifled desire for thy sight ?
Make manifest thyself to thine own self,
And then discern us with thy glance.

The mirror of union is the scar
Caused by the ill-success of stifled longing,
If thou dost desire a bright night,
Then discern the darkness of the day.

Waste not thy leisure!
Consider time as God-sent;
If the morning of spring is not available,
Then to discern the moonlit night is good enough.

Alas, Ghalib is subjected
To the contrary pulls of fear and hope;
Either slay him with thy sword,
Or with thy glance discern his worth.

If after cruelty she feels inclined
To offer justice, I am not surprised;
If from bashfulness she will not show her face
To us, it won't be strange.

She has playful ways, and firmly
I believe in her good nature;
If by her anger, love increases,
It won't be strange.

My involvement is with a singer
Who has the disposition of Venus;
If my lips moan as if chanting
A melody, it won't be strange.

In my dream she appears, intoxicated,
With the button of her shirt wide open;
I know not what spell my ardent love
Has cast on her tonight.

In whose hand are thy tresses,
That this frantic heart is thus lamenting ?
Who is it that has shaken
The chain of Majnun tonight?

O Ghalib, the tale of separation's grief
Is most absorbing—but be brief;
On the Day of Judgement thou can't recite
That which remains untold tonight.

Yes, thou must leave the mirror,
So that the reflection does not deceive me;
I am beholding the vision
Of the unity of reality tonight.

From the root of every hair
I have opened a stream of blood;
I am decorating my bed
With the red glow of sunset tonight.

I take pride in her speech
Although I have failed to discover her mouth;
A nice distinction between illusion
And truth I make tonight.

'Tis a long time since the law of joy
Has been wiped from my memory;
What I had learnt before,
That lesson I repeat tonight.

The morning has blossomed, and the rose
Is opening. Don't sleep!
A myriad flowers of sight,
Must be gathered, so don't sleep.

Soothe thy sense of smell
With the rose-scented breeze;
The fragrant air of dawn,
Is gently wafting, so don't sleep.

Discern thine own inner need
Before looking for the morning draught;
Yester-night's wine is still dripping
From thy lips. Don't sleep!

The morning star is giving
The good news of the sight of the friend;
Look how the eye of the sky
Is throbbing. Don't sleep!

Thou art absorbed in slumber,
And the morning is grieving for the stars;
In remorse, its teeth are biting
The back of the hand. Don't sleep!

Breath is offering its greetings
To the hyacinth, through its sighs;
Arise! Eyelashes stained with heart's blood
Are plucking the tulips. Don't sleep!

The gurgling sound of the flask
Is a delight for the ear;
Come—the goblet is waiting
To be drained. Don't sleep!

The sign of life in the heart
Is to run in agitation; this is its capital;
Sight is the polish on the mirror
Of the eye. Don't sleep!

From one's eyes the good of companions
Should be opened up. Don't shut them!
The heart must be restless to fulfil
The wishes of dear friends. Don't sleep!

On the mention of death
One has a longing to keep vigil;
If thou dost wish to hear the story
Of Ghalib—then don't sleep!

❁ 41 ❁

The flower-garden is not so spacious
As the meadow of our breast; that heart
Which from thy sword has not received a wound
Is not an open heart.

Now I am burning, but yet I fear
The calamity of the fire's decline;
Alas, on fire
The water of life has no effect.

For long have I been in the throes of death,
But yet I cannot die;
In the realm of thy tyranny
The decree of death is withheld.

Paradise will not provide a remedy
For the dejection of our heart;
Its construction is in no way
Commensurate with our desolation.

Whether kindness or hatred from the friend —
Whatever it is, it is acceptable to us;
The thought of this is nothing
But a mirror with a picture.

One should not beg for relief from the ointment;
Even though Ghalib's whole body
Is covered with wounds inflicted by the friend,
Yet he is not a beggar.

❀ 42 ❀

The reflection of her body in the water,
Trembled in the wave;
Even the fear of her own glance
Has produced this effect.

Search the heart of the nightingale—
Don't say it is the dewdrop
Close to the ear of the rose
Which is producing these liquid moans.

By whatever the capital is diminished,
We have accordingly increased in our ambitions;
But whatever has emanated from thought,
Has fallen into danger.

From her intoxicated glance
It wishes to fulfill its own desire;
The simple-hearted mirror
Pretends to be endowed with vision.

That has melted our heart,
And this has produced the fiery breath;
Our lament is more spirited
Than our sight.

The bud ceased to envy the mouth
When it blossomed into a rose;
Seeing that from the face of things
The veil has been lifted.

Drunkenness of heart made the eye
Its trusted confident;
The ecstatic delight of the veil-holder
Has become the tearer of the veil.

With all that freedom of detachment,
And with the surrender of his heart,
Alas, inspite of this, Ghalib
Is still unaware of his own self.

❁ 43 ❁

On account of the shame of whose sin
Has thy beauty donned the veil?
Her amorous gestures are in peril
Because of whose burning glance ?

Intoxicated, she is going to the rose-garden,
Her face unveiled;
Due to the effect of whose sighs
Has the heart of spring become blood-stained?

We are friendly towards thee,
But yet thou art to us a stranger;
In the end, before thee and God I ask—
Whose witness is the world ?

Because it is full of roses, sweet basil
And the hyacinth, the edge of the flower-garden
Is like a sample of the border
Of whose head-dress?

I feel envy at the light
In people's eyes—knowing full well
That it is due to the effect
Of the dust of whose pathway.

She is coquettishly asleep beside me,
But even so am I disaffected
With jealousy as to whose splendour of beauty
Might be adorning the surface of the enemy's thought.

In a state of ecstasy, I quiver
At the time of sacrifice—
But whose fault is it, purposely
Not to have sharpened the dagger?



I am restless with the idea
As to whose glorious manifestation is the heart;
I am anguished by waiting to see
For whom her eyes are looking.

Her eyes are wet from the heat
Of the sun of her fairy-like face;
But I suspected it was due to the effect
Of somebody's vaporous sighs.

The magic of love has carried away
The mysterious grandeur of thy graceful beauty;
In thy stars
Is the rolling of whose black eyes?



I am dying—but I fear
That in the excess of her suspicion
She thinks that the giving up of life
Is for the purpose of seeking rest.

If I get drunk much later, in taking wine,
It is because of the hardness of my soul;
If in thy coquetry thou art quick in resenting,
It is due to the delicacy of thy nature.

If I look at her,
She thinks that this is impudence;
If she does not look at me
I think that it is due to bashfulness.



Thy sweet lips are the very soul of salt;
Whatever I say is with the tongue of salt.

Thy kindness and thy wrath are forms of coquetry;
In thy time coquetry itself becomes a mine of salt.

My speech is my wealth, O Ghalib;
Salt itself is the jewel in the mine of salt.

How great are the disasters
That are beyond thy surmise;
Thy heart, slow in showing kindness,
Is naught but the calamity of Doomsday.

My heart has been deceived by the covenant
Of fidelity. Commit thyself in writing;
Thy promise is welcome,
Even if it comes not from thy tongue.

Thy colour is broken by love,
Which enjoys such beautiful spectacles;
The spring of the world cannot match
The colourfulness of thy autumn.

Why does my heart have such expectation
From the silence of thy ruby lips?
What hast thou said with that tongue
Which is not in thy mouth?

Through coquetry, it is difficult
For her to be accessible to her own self;
Like us, she is a prisoner
In the snare of her own desire.

Come—for it is the season of spring!
The roses on the lawn of the flower-garden
Are more open-faced
Than the courtesans of the bazaar.

The purpose of the creation of the world
Is naught but Adam;
Around our central point revolves
The circle of the seven heavens.

Ghalib, my sight was dazzled
By the reflection of her blazing countenance;
Thou would'st say that our mirror
Had become a mirage of our vision.

❀ 49 ❀

Be not afraid of the darkness of the night—
Come to the assembly of joy!
The moon is the cotton
At the mouth of the flask.

From the look of the window in the wall
One could say
That the eye of our abode of grief
Is waiting for the flood.

When affinity is strong, O Ghalib,
Be not punctilious for reverence;
Hast thou not seen that the arch of the altar
Has its back towards the Ka'ba.

❀ 50 ❀

I am proud of that bashful glance
Which has ravished hearts
In such a manner, that even
Her bewitching eye did not perceive it.

One who is drunk with the desire for recompense
Has to contend with paradise and hell;
But he who craves only His munificent grace,
Does not distinguish between the flame and the rose.

Ghalib, thou should'st take thy poetry
Outside India, since here no one discriminates
Between a stone and a jewel,
Or sleight-of-hand and a miracle.

❀ 51 ❀

Every particle is absorbed
In the splendid vision of that unique beauty;
Thou would'st say that the magical image
Of the six dimensions is a mirror-house.

Helplessly I compromised
With the indifference of the fowler,
Thinking the while that the rings
Of the snare were my nest.

Thou art bound to the wanderings of thought,
But if thou can'st free thyself from this,
Then every world would seem
But a fable of the other world.

In the spring season,
My self-control has broken its rein;
For the bay horse of passion,
The vein of the rose is a whip.

Every particle in the path
Of thy faithfulness is a stage
In the journey; every drop
In the ocean of thy thought, a shore.

Beneath thy veil, how long
Should I bear the conceited airs of the world?
I am afflicted by the times,
And separation from thee is but a pretext.

When wild madness, like the lovely fair ones,
Becomes itself the splendour of our sight,
Then the dust of the pathway, and the whirling wind,
Are both the tresses and the comb.

❀ 52 ❀

The drowned one was twisted by the tidal wave,
But the thirsty drank water from the river;
One cannot cause hurt to anyone,
Nor to any can one bring relief.

High rank is unaware of knowledge,
And knowledge is indifferent to rank;
Thy touchstone did not discover the gold,
And my gold had no wish for the touch stone.

Whatever the tax-gatherer of time
Seized openly, he gave not back;
Whatever the Writer of Fate wrote secretly
He would not erase.

In place of wine, there is liver's blood;
Our drunkenness is not obligated to the goblet;
The laments of my heart are songs for the flute—
My melody does not require a violin.

For the devout one the exercise of prostration
Is alas, his pretentious claim to a pious existence
Unless the devil robs him on the highway
He has no wish for an escort of angels.

There is much debating and wrangling over the
patrimony;
Go to the tavern! For there no-one will mention
The battle of Jamal, nor will any speak about
The orchard of Fadak.

Worship of God was not irksome
To the profligate, master of a thousand skills;
But the idol itself did not wish
The forehead of prostration to be shared by any.

He regarded it as slight and vain;
Thou should'st not attribute it to his humility
If Ghalib did not seek justice
From the Arbiter of the sky.



I have a heart whose nature
Is more delicate than the blister;
I put my foot down gently,
For the tip of the thorn is also delicate.

In the wafting of the breeze
They fall in pieces;
Like the petals of the rose,
For us the door and wall are delicate.

The eyebrow took the trouble—
And in like manner turned away,
Since we happen to be hard-souled,
And the relish of affliction is most delicate.



When the reflection of her lovely form
Fell in the water,
The stream, as if it were a mirror,
Ceased to flow.

On account of my struggling weakness
My soul does not snap asunder from my body;
The reason for my not dying
Is also my lack of strength.

The bending of my back shows that my face
Is turning back towards the past;
How much in old age are found again
The stifled desires of youth!

I have been killed by my own heart;
But from the oppressors
Having at one time experienced
Heart-alluring, I call it kindness.

She has cast a glance towards me,
But with a wrinkle on her brow;
With such a heavy stirrup,
How light-reined is she!

Her coquetry before the mirror
Keeps it absorbed with her face;
Her bewitching eye
Is the door for discerning subtleties.

With the enemy there is wrath,
And with me the concealment of the veil;
How marvellous is heart-ravishing,
And how wonderful is heart-stealing!

With all this empty-handedness,
What profit can one derive from existence?
In our heavy drunkenness, our occupation
Is to dance our arms in ecstasy.

O thou, who in this valley
Hast given good tidings of the phoenix,
To me, who cherishes freedom, even its shadow
Is a heavy weight upon the head.

The taste for poetry
Has brought Ghalib out of the assembly;
He has absorbed himself
In the style of Zuhuri and Saib.

Warm attention to the thought of thee
Prevented me from voicing my lament;
My heart has become the fire
Where smoke remains no more.

I complain of that tyrannical injustice
Which fails to reach thy ear;
Alas for that hopeful expectation
Whose existence is no more!

One could deceive the heart
By promise of thy oppression;
The boastful pride we had in thy fidelity
Is now no more.

The heart manifests the splendour
Of its skilful art in the assembly;
The pity it once had for envious ones
Is now no more.

In grief for thee my heart has surrendered
Its wealth to the highway robber;
Its business now is past all loss,
And profit is no more.

O nightingale, thy heart is not compelled
To utter these blood-stained laments;
Live in tranquillity—
For thy friend is not fond of difficulties.

The covenant of fidelity
Was on thy part infirm;
Now thou hast broken it, and in the breaking
Thou hast not suffered any loss.

Drink wine, and put thy trust
In the grace of God;
How and how much is not written
On the lines of the goblet.

Ghalib, I swear by God,
That the end of the rainy season
Should not be without wine and mangoes,
Iced-water and sugar-candy.



After the turmoil, our life
Has passed in utter idleness;
The thread of the lite of Khizr is no more
Than a symbol for keeping accounts.

The drop, the wave, the foam, the whirlpool—
All are aspects of the river;
The boast of this 'I' and 'mine'
Is no more than a curtain.

The worshippers of form have in vain
Brought dishonour on themselves;
What they call splendour of appearance
Is no more than a veil on reality.

From head to foot
We are the boldness of our own ideas;
The warp and woof of our existence
Is no more than twisting and burning.

Display thy glory; but not to oblige me;
No less significant am I than a grain of dust;
Beauty with all its dazzling splendour
Is no more glorious than the sun.

❀ 58 ❀

The strength of the wave is determined
By the boiling rage of the sea;
The thirst of the sword is quenched
By the flowing blood of the sacrifice.

Despite such nearness to her,
One cannot fulfill the heart's desire;
Our thirsty one, on the brink of the stream,
Is firmly stuck in the mire.

Why is the reason dazzled
By the affirmation of His unity?
Besides existence whatever is, is nothing,
And whatever is besides God, is false.

We are surely the essence of ourselves,
But due to the delusion of duality
Between ourself and Ghalib,
Ghalib and ourself are obstacles.

A strange condition! There is promise,
And also denial of favour;
It is wine, not our life,
Which can be given twice.

Between the glorious manifestation, and the tumult
One cannot remain resigned;
One who is thirsty for thy vision
For him even paradise is a mirage.

The one who, yester-night
Sucked her sweet lips in drunkenness,
Today is content
To fall out with the goblet.

Whatever we have shed in weeping
Counts not at all;
And whatever we have produced in sighs
Has passed unheard.

In the desert of love
The river of sand still flows;
How much have the feet of travellers
Been worn out on the way!

O God, have mercy
On the meagreness of my capital!
My whole life of sin has been destroyed
By the skill of my request for mercy.

I am ashamed of the dexterity of my tears,
That in the squeezing of my heart, whatever
We have added by our weeping
Has caused this overflowing.

❀ 61 ❀

How wonderful is the grace
In the purposeful flight of the spring clouds,
That whatever is in the heart of the wind
Is manifest on the earth!

The melting of the breath in longing
For the vision of her stature,
Is apparent in the sweat on the face
Of that graceful beloved.

The touchstone of the nature of the ancients
Is manifest in our thoughts;
The purity of wine is seen from the dregs
That stick to the bottom of the flask.

❀ 62 ❀

Happy am I that the pain of my heart
Has cast despondency
Upon the very marrow of patience;
This is for me the eternal bliss.

'Tis bitter to be envious
Of one's own passion;
Happy am I that my heart
No more has hope of union.

All the unfulfilled desires
That we draw from these ill-fated times,
Are like the dregs that cling
To the bottom of hope's goblet.

In the midst of His creatures
Seek God Almighty;
For the novice of vision, the mirror-house
Of the world is the school for unity.

❀ 63 ❀

Joy and grief cause bewilderment
To each other; the light of day
Came to bid farewell to the dark of night,
And went away.

The lightning desired to paint
Thy full-length portrait,
But it became the mirror-holder to thy gait,
And went away.

❀ 64 ❀

On the ground where I sit
Amid the melody of my ghazal,
The dust should have the fragrance of the rose,
And the air should be diffused with musk.

Either my desire should not have aspired
Beyond paradise,
Or else I should have found
A suitable refuge for hope.

So that those destitute of capital
Might not in borrowing display conceit,
The price of the embellishment of speech
Should be raised high.

❀ 65 ❀

The beloved and the wine are gone,
But I am happy with my poetry;
I have planted a willow tree
In the now desolate garden.

Ghalib is a sad angel,
Who from the intoxication of nearness
Has brought divine revelation
In the form of his ghazals.

❀ 66 ❀

Thou must have heard how Abraham
Passed unscathed through fire;
But look at me, that without flames
And sparks am wholly burnt.

To hold a touchstone to the glorious vision
Of thy coquetry, is very cheap;
See, on the occasion of testing
I have a thousand times been burnt.

Today the blossoming rose
Put me in doubt; perhaps
On the branch of the rose-bush
My nest again is burnt.

I have no complaints against the flower-seller
Who is a man of the bazaar;
But by the uneasy heat of the gardener's walk
Have I been burnt.

What matters it that thou hast come,
Ardently warm from a meeting with the other;
All complaints in my heart, and all slanders
On my tongue have by this been burnt.

I am proud of my soul,
Melted by passion; what candles are these
By which the door-curtain of my clear speech
Has been burnt?

The good tidings of thy coming
Has roused envy, behind my back;
By the amazed mirth of the roses
In the flower-garden have I been burnt.

❀ 67 ❀

Her existence is all beauty, and my being
All passionate love; by the ill luck of the enemy
And the good fortune of the friend,
I swear that what I say is true.

Thou should'st hold me dear—
If not for myself, then for thy sake;
The merit of the slave
Proves the gracious excellence of the master.

It is not that Ghalib expects sincerity
From worldly folk; but yet he hopes
That when she asks about him,
They would say he is alive and happy.

❀ 68 ❀

She came to me, in privacy,
But from conceited pride gave me no kiss;
She went to the assembly and there
Took payment from the other, for singing.

The morning bird, close to the face of the rose,
Is intoxicated with thy scent;
Vainly in bashfulness before the gardener,
The forehead of the rose is fresh with moisture.

I thought that by writing a letter
The burden of my grief would go;
When I tied it to the wing
Of a bird it became unsteady.

❀ 69 ❀

That she has stolen my heart with her flirtatious ways
Is both apparent and not apparent;
Thou must know that in this regard
It is thee that I suspect, and yet I don't suspect thee.

When I tell thee about my grief,
I am so aroused by passion,
That from head to foot I become description,
And yet fail to give description.

Thy command is engrained in my life,
And all my dealings are with thee;
Without a veil, and behind every veil,
It passes, and yet it passes not.

I feel proud of the deception in which
Thou hast ensnared even men of vision;
From thy mouth is the message of a kiss,
And yet thy mouth is non-existent.

We are filled with remorse for the flower-garden,
Where spring is so short-lived;
We are happy with the furnace in which
There is autumn, yet autumn is not there.

The wealth of every drop that's lost
In the ocean, is a profit
That resembles a loss,
But yet no loss is there.

With every blink of the eye
Humanity becomes renewed;
Vision considers that it's still the same,
Yet it is not the same.

In the ferment of spring, the wave of rose
Is embedded in the branch;
It is hidden like wine in the decanter,
And yet it is not hidden.

A lout by seemingly acquiring power
Is not made noble; like a stone
On the pathway, which is heavy
And yet not of any value.

Pull apart my side—
See the condition of my heart!
How long must I tell thee
How it is, and yet how it is not.

Ghalib, beware! Examine
Thine own feelings;
Come out from behind this curtain of logic,
Where it is like this, yet not like this.

❀ 70 ❀

Although she has stolen my heart,
One cannot call her heart-ravisher;
One has to bear oppression,
Yet one cannot label her oppressor.

He gives wine, continuously,
Yet one cannot call Him saqi;
All the time He is making idols,
Yet one can't call Him Azar.

In the heat of wondering
One seeks not shade or a spring of water;
In our presence make no mention
Of Tuba and Kausar.

The secret that is hidden in our breast
Is not an exhortation;
It can be told on the gallows,
But not proclaimed from the pulpit.

I said, "From whom should I ask
For news of the life that's past?"
The Saqi at once poured out
Ten-year old wine into my glass.

Her fascinating, drunken eyes,
Without the effort of a glance,
Have shed my blood—
Through the intoxicated outer corner of her eye.

The waiting-maid adorning
That God-gifted beauty,
Scatters roses in the garden
And sugar-candy in Bengal.

Liken not the sway of her gait
To wine, for see—
It has stolen the lustre
From the essence of this swift-flowing current.

She wished to show her anger with us,
But found no occasion to do so;
We asked the friend about the other's fault,
But even this could not be asked.

On the carpet, flowers were in abundance,
And last night the wine itself was head-strong;
The cup on its own began to turn,
But yet it did not circulate.

Man took up the trust
Which the heavens declined;
He poured the wine on the dust
When the cup could hold no more.

Ghalib, what shame that our honour
Was bound up with our woeful frustration!
We tried to kill ourself, but yet
Did not exert ourself enough.

❀ 73 ❀

How base art thou,
To moan from the pain of separation!
Dost thou not understand, under this curtain,
Who is thy accompanist?

Grief is the key to thy tranquillity;
O heart, create a tumult!
If thou dost not melt from this
Who can unravel thy knot?

Thou wilt not sell complaints,
Nor buy blandishments;
O my heart, my master, whose friend art thou,
And who can call himself thy friend?

In waiting for thee
I am a watchful guardian of my time;
By the incantations of thy promises,
Who has been deceived?

I understand not the meaning,
O angel, of "Man Rabbaka?" (Who is thy God)
Ask me instead, "Ghalib,
Who is thy beloved Lord?"

❁ 74 ❁

In the valley where even
The staff of Khizr is asleep,
I go on, travelling on my breast,
Although my feet are fast asleep.

With this supplication that I offer thee,
I have reached the destination of thy coquetry;
In the shade of the wall of the royal palace,
The beggar is asleep.

On the morning of Doomsday, he will arise
From his grave, mean and black-faced,
Who, complaining of his heart-ache and anxiously
Searching for its medicine, fell asleep.

The wind is contrary, the night pitch-dark,
And the sea is lashed by storms;
The anchor is broken
And the ship's master is asleep.

My heart trembles at the thought of the rosary,
The prayer-carpet and patched cloak;
The highway robber is awake
While the pious and devout one is asleep.

The length of the night and my wakefulness
Are not the whole story; someone
Should bring news of my fortune—
Where has it fallen asleep?

Gaze from a distance, but seek not
Nearness to the king;
While beholding, the window is open,
But at the door a dragon is asleep.

Everyone who sees the way
That I am sleeping, knows
That in the caravanserai,
The leader of the caravan is fast asleep.

What happiness could I derive from the safety
Of the way, and the nearness of the Ka'ba
When my she-camel is unable to walk,
And my own feet are fast asleep?

❀ 75 ❀

Drunkenness shows
A style of unsteady tottering;
Alas for the foot
Whose bane is the head!

Gaining effect has made the sigh
Abounding in riches;
Her unyielding heart
Is the shop of a glass blower.

Not only of my reason and faith
Hast thou robbed me, but of my heart
And soul as well; whatever thou hast taken
From us is a well-known story.

One cannot bear
The obligation of the heart;
Thank God that the laments
Have remained without effect.

That sheds the leaves,
And this scatters the petals of the rose;
But autumn and spring
Both pass away.

Ghalib take hold of thy "less"
And become "more";
The drop, by abandoning itself,
Becomes a pearl.

❀ 76 ❀

I tremble in the street of the other;
In the restlessness of the breeze,
Hopefully expecting the perfume—
Wafted from whose attire?

Thy favour after listening to my complaints,
Is due to my inordinate aspiration;
My yearning desire, in the form of laments
Is caused by whose infinite oppression?

I admit that I have brought with me
The ways of love to the world;
But whose heart, ignorant of justice,
Has introduced this tyranny?

The lawn of the flower-garden is a sample
Of thy leisurely company;
But the dispersal of the morning breeze
Has connection with whose feelings?



No sparks have flown, nor yet
Does any ash remain;
I have been burnt but know not
In what manner I have burned.

I am a Kafir of love, and hell
Is no fit place for me; by the holy zeal
Caused by the stormy life
Of *San'an, have I been burnt.

So that thou should'st not think
That, fascinated by thee, I went into the fire,
Through the distress inflicted by the slow-repenting
Heart, have I been burnt.

(*San'an was a devout who fell in love with a Christian lady, and according to her wishes, agreed to graze her pigs. He was willing to do anything to be near her and please her. After a vision he again changed his way of life and became a very saintly personality with many disciples including Fari-duddin 'Attar, the well known poet and mystic.)

Through my words, my thoughts
 Become the flower-garden of Khalil;
 And by the reflection of thy radiant face,
 The mirror becomes the shining hand of Moses.

In searching for the like of thee,
 Vision is vanquished;
 In producing an equal to me,
 The imagination is ailing.

Ardent desire, in search of thee,
 Causes restlessness in the elements of spring;
 The tumult within my soul
 Makes the limbs of the gentle breeze to quake.

I am a lover. For me is no question
 Of ignominy or reputation;
 In special cases, the customary practice
 Is no argument.

He who drinks wine
 With the friend, in privacy,
 Knows full well what is the houri,
 What Kausar and what Darassalam.

Our heart bears the wounds of affliction,
 And wine is the only cure;
 For those who are wounded, what is this talk
 Of lawful and unlawful?

Thou did'st say "The cage is good;
One can open wings and feathers in it";
But tell me, for weariness in the snare's noose,
What is the remedy?

Virtue comes from Thee, for good deals
Done by us, we ask no wages;
If by nature bad—this also is from Thee—
Then why this vengeance?

If Ghalib has not sold
Both his cloak and his Koran,
Why does he ask in the market,
"What is the rate for red wine?"



In private my thoughts
Opened up the way for prayer;
But owing to the narrowness of the carpet
Of the spirit, prayer stuck in my throat.

What a juggler she is,
That from me
She has ravished my heart,
With its thousand desires.

The wine comes from the same pitcher,
But the fortunes of the drinkers differ;
Jamshed takes his wine in a goblet,
While the wandering dervish is content with his gourd.

If with the help of fear and hope
I have made firm my faith,
In manifesting fidelity, my sincerity
Has become hypocritically two-faced.

When the porter of paradise
Offered Ghalib milk and honey,
The poor fellow returned the same with thanks,
And snatched from him musk-scented wine.

❀ 81 ❀

By the side of my grave
The dust is whirling;
Still, in the vein of my thought
There is tumultuous commotion.

I will not raise my head up from the dust,
Even when I hear the clarion-call
For man's resurrection; still in my sight
Are the sleep-laden eyes of the beloved.

From the cold breath of the messenger,
A reply to my message
Can be understood, even though
My message never reached its destination.

Let sight-illuminating blandishments
Be the lot of the enemy!
Bestow on me, if thou can'st,
The breast-inflaming scar.

Drink the first cup of wine,
And become the Saqi to thine own self;
For in the end, if there's a veil,
Then 'tis thyself.

O Ghalib, the rainy season of Hindustan
Is the true springtime;
Even in this abode of autumn
There is a time for drinking wine.

❀ 82 ❀

In truth, the breath of thy kindness and fidelity
Is as much involved with my heart
As the soul is inextricably
Mingled with the body.

O God, although I am a phoenix,
Of blessed speech,
Yet in this world I have the fortune
Of the crows and kites.

My breast is inflamed by the tears
Not scattered on the skirt;
That thorn, concealed within my tunic,
Pricks at my liver.

My heart is dead! What a pity
That thou dost not even ask about it;
'Tis an old custom in this world
To enquire after the mourning ones.

Beholding the crowd of roses in the garden
 My desire has killed me;
 Because no room is left,
 And yet thy place is empty.

Neither is the beloved there to watch the spectacle,
 Nor the lover bereft of heart, singing his doleful song;
 The rose-bush is destitute of the rose,
 And the nest of the nightingale is empty.

In the agitation of my heart,
 I fill the fairy in the bottle;
 Of the fascinating air of speech
 My head is empty.

If the Imam of the city
 Forbids me entry to the mosque,
 Then my place in the blessing of the tavern-keeper
 Will not be empty.

Whose side and shoulders am I filled
 With desire to embrace?
 That from head to foot, like the crescent moon,
 From within I am hollowed and empty.

In this manner, with what hopes
 Can the heart be bound?
 Between me and her, my yearning desire
 Has become the screen.

When thou dost flatter thyself
By looking on thy reflection in the mirror,
Thou should'st consider what has befallen
Our heart through beholding thee.

❀ 85 ❀

We cast the dust of the wayside
On our bare head;
He who has a tilted turban
Seeks the roses.

Ceremony apart, I am a portion
Of hopefulness; for despite
All her unfriendly indifference
She feels pity for my torments.

When she is silent, look at the sweat
On her blazing face;
To what extent would be
The tumultuous commotion of her speech.

Seek not the secret of seeing,
And speak not about hearing;
There are pictures in the painter's brush,
And melodies hidden in the string.

❀ 86 ❀

O thou whose nature
Is quite different from thy face,
The eyes give more cause
For hope than the heart.

All wish for humility
And submissiveness,
Yet he who performs his obligations
Has more reason to feel afflicted.

One cannot complain
About the nature of the friend;
The more bitter is the wine,
The more it pleases.

If the self assumes a haughty air,
Then it has attained its end;
But in fact Ghalib is more humble
Than his own self.



For the manifestation of grace
No special reason could be found;
Else to be ashamed of one's sins
Should be counted as lack of reverence.

I fear not to be seized and held
For the state of ecstasy that I am in;
The story of Hallaj
Is still mumbled in undertones.

I admit that I do not understand
The secrets of religion—
But I should be excused; my nature
Is 'Ajami, and Arabian my religion.

If I deserve not thy attention,
Yet should there be no argument about my longing;
Wishing for the philosopher's stone
Is the delight of the pauper's heart.

One whose faith has been cheated
By thee, knows all too well
That the rose's perfidy
Is truly astonishing.



The exultation of the spiritually-minded
Is from Thy tavern;
The magic of the Babylonians
Is a chapter of Thy story.

Why talk of Jamshed and Alexander,
With their cup and mirror ?
For whatever has happened in the past
Is to Thee contemporary.

It is with Thy understanding
That we in this world
Have our footsteps in the idol-temple
And our forehead on Thy threshold.

Thou hast set over us
The sky for our destruction;
Whatever the robber has from us snatched,
Does not reach Thy treasury.

'Tis no fault of mine, if my thought
Measures the height of the heavens;
The swiftness of foot of the steed
Depends not on Thy whip.

O thou who art fascinated by the eloquence
Of the ancient masters of poetry,
Be not a scorner of Ghalib,
Who is part of thine own time.

❀ 89 ❀

The story-teller is a stranger—
Why dost thou shower such affection on him ?
Grief does not permit all the telling—
No argument about it !

Throw away thy veil in anger,
Then of this accuse me ! I said only
That the rose in the flower-garden is fascinating,
And there's no argument about it.

❀ 90 ❀

With her coquettish attire
She ravishes the heart;
To open the knot of the friend's tunic.
There is no need.

Look how the flashing flame
Flies from my breath !
Besides this, to listen to my story
There is no need.

One should oneself forego
The desire to sing;
To produce so many thousand notes,
There is no need.

As thou dost open thy lips,
The taste has penetrated to my heart;
To seize a kiss now, from thy lips,
There is no need.

Throw in the fire, and behold
The spectacle of flaming and twisting !
To open my letter of grief—
There is no need.

O Ghalib, the heat of the dust-laden
Simoon is turbulent enough;
To reap the hope-sown field,
There is no need.

❀ 91 ❀

If Thou art moved by pity
Then fulfill the wishes of thy lovers;
Else, in our acquiescence
The power of fate should not be weighed.

Our intentions are not fulfilled—ask not
About the unabating joy of the endeavour;
The eyes are blind, so our
Unsaleable goods need not be weighed.

Under the veil we hold many a plaint
Against thee—but their description is nothing;
The wound of our heart is all mouth,
But its tongue is nothing.

O beauty, if thou art not offended by the truth,
Then there is something I would tell thee;
All this coquetry—this slender waist
And tiny mouth—all this is nothing.

In Thy way, every wave of dust
Is full of life;
In shedding my life,
I shall suffer no distress.

Whatever has fallen from the heart
Has been compensated by the increase of tears;
In love, the distinction between profit
And loss, is nothing.

O seekers of the world, the conflict
Is gratuitous, so keep yourselves in agitation;
Our freedom is nothing,
And our captivity is also nothing.

The contingent world is a mirror
Entire, of being—then what is non-being ?
As far as the eye can see
There is only ocean—the shore is nothing.

Beneath the veil of the ignominy of Mansur,
A melodious voice is heard;
From the solitary recluses
Of Thy secret we have heard nothing.

O Ghalib, rid thyself of the captivity
Of false notions; I swear by God
That the world is nothing, and the good
And evil of the world are also nothing.

❀ 93 ❀

'Ere this, the breeze of spring
Was not so much intoxicated;
It is our dew which has made fresh
The brain of the breath of morning.

Our speech, in its graceful delicacy
Is the effervescence of the wine
That has been thrown aside
From the cup of the breath of morning.

Thou should'st recognise the reality of the heat
In the tumultuous agitation of my being;
O thou, in whose assembly
I am as a lamp before the breath of morning.

Ghalib, today, at the time
When I took my morning draught,
I picked these flowers of thought
From the garden of the breath of morning.

We have worshipped our own selves
In becoming our own beloved;
In such a way have we chalked out
A new pathway on the road of love.

From the warp and woof of our lamenting sighs,
We have made a veil for our beloved;
From the smoke of our smouldering heart
We create her amber-perfumed, curling locks.

From the sweet anguish of our passion
Our own confidant and minstrel we produce;
From thorns and flints
We make our pillow and our mattress.

We have perfected
The customs of the Brahmins;
Come now, O Ghalib, that we may lay
The foundation of the way of Azar.

O thou, whose resplendent beauty
Is insolent in plundering the riches of sight !
Thou, whose leisurely stroll is impudent
In trampling on the heads of lovers !

The scar of thy desire
Is busy with the decoration of the heart;
The wound of the sword is impudent
In roaming in the recreation ground of the river.

Be careful ! The pain
That has been caused by thy cruelty
Has made the lamenting sighs impudent
In displaying their effect.

Do not take seriously
The other's desire for union;
Here is a mendicant who is impudent
In begging at doors.

I was happy that the rival
Could find no chance of meeting her in private,
When I saw him with a manner impudent,
Talking with thee in the street.

Alas for the hand
That is struggling with the front-opening;
How impudent it has been
With her pure skirt.

What consideration can the distressed heart
Expect from those tresses
That are so impudent
In encircling thy waist.

The parakeets scatter sweetness
Before Ghalib, because his lips
In their utterance are impudent
In plundering the sugar.

I supplicate before that fairy,
 Since to subdue her
 The loving heart does not allow the tongue
 To utter words of magic incantation.

Call it not madness,
 Nor is it through courtesy to her;
 'Tis only out of self-respect that the body
 Refuses to be friendly with the crafty reason.

The scent of treasure has lured me
 To choose the wilderness;
 Else madness is not so frivolous as to forego
 The delight of heart-pleasing tranquillity.

Thou should'st value me, and seek
 To gain my faith, for I am an artless Brahmin;
 One who gives his heart to a piece of stone,
 Would not demur to offer it to thy coquetry.

What need hast thou for a dagger?
 Ghalib is not one
 Who would hesitate to sacrifice his life
 For delight in the entanglement of his heart.

How delightful it is
 To journey on the track of faith;
 At every step the forehead is cast down
 Like a footprint on the path.

Thou can'st become
Thine own paradise
If thou hast a heart which dissolves in blood
And washes out the colour of desire.

On the day of union, in thine arms
Squeeze me in such a way
That all unknowing from my lips
Complaints of thee pour forth.

In the face of the perplexity
Of my affairs, through trembling,
Like the autumn leaves,
The nail of the knot-opening hand falls off.

Youth and piety—what a lack
Of appreciation of life this shows !
Let calamity befall
The soul of the devout youth !

❀ 98 ❀

I am not the one to whose heart
The idols will wish to bring comfort;
I am happy with this my destiny—
That the heart-ravisher is of me suspicious.

This should be credited to the power
Of Zuleika's restlessness,
That the pathway of the caravan
Led to the well where Joseph had been cast.

I didn't come—for I was in such ecstasy
At the time when thou did'st call me;
Although a thousand times
I happened to pass by my nest.

❀ 99 ❀

When anguish is concentrated
It produces good results;
It stores the grain in the granary
And lets the straw fly in the wind.

O thou, for whose sake is the moisture in the eye,
The affliction of the breast is also due to thee;
The glory of anguish is on thy account,
That anguish which causes delight to the heart.

O my Saki, the drunken one upon himself
Bestows intoxication, but not through wine;
Whatever he has given, he has forgotten,
And continues to give more.

O Lord, who hast given me a place
In paradise, where is thy mercy ?
The climate of this open space
Reminds me of whose street ?

❀ 100 ❀

The heart, having lost the means of joy
Is chained to the anxiety for bread;
When the garden is desolate; it becomes
A farm for the husbandman to till.

I admit that from thy wilful negligence
My enduring strength draws tribute;
I cannot be a match
For the unkind indifference of thy glance.

Through our frenzied wisdom
We obtained the fame of Majnun;
We disclosed the secret of our grief in such a way
That it remained concealed.

My hardship—loving aspiration
Cares not at all for comfort;
If the task is easy, then my soul
Finds it most hard to bear.

Why dost thou ask the reason
For my wonderment on beholding thee ?
Sight has completely lost in ecstasy,
And is transfixed in the eyelashes.

All this tumult receives its fiery heat from us
Look at the hubbub of existence !
The resurrection blossoms out from the veil of dust
That was transmuted into man.

I exult in the style of my exertion
In rending, and in the joy this brings me;
The front opening which becomes the skirt
Cannot be contained by the tunic.

O idols, for God's sake treat the heart
As something to be circumambulated;
Alas, what honour will be left for the temple
If Ghalib becomes a musalman ?

Like the secret which in intoxication
Slips from the heart,
Thy fragrance in the spring season,
Comes with the gentle breeze.

I am proud of the profit I obtain
From the pillage of sorrow caused by thee;
The breath goes forth, and the sigh
That has reached its destination, comes.

I will not divulge the secret of my breast
With the help of a plectrum;
When the instrument of the lover is broken
Then comes reverberating sound.

The mirage, shimmering in the desert
Is of more value than the eye
Which is without the adornment
Of the water of tears.

Thy face has lent colour
To the heat of perspiration;
The rose in its delicacy
Cannot bear the drops of dew.

Thy rose has speech, and thy narcissus
Can gaze at the spectacle;
Thou hast a spring such as
The world cannot create.

Behold thyself,
And put aside the mirror;
Thy glance does not care
Even for itself.

Ghalib, there is no doubt
About the piquancy of this hemistich;
“Hind is a paradise
That has no Adam in it”.



In this dark night they have given me
Joyful tidings of the morning;
They have put out the candle
And have given me the signal of the sun.

They have opened up their face
And have closed my babbling lips;
They have ravished the heart
But given me two expectant eyes.

The fire-temple has been burnt down by fire,
And out of it they have given me fiery breath;
The idol-temple was laid waste, and they have
bestowed on me
The clamorous lamentation of its gong.

They have plucked the pearls
From the banners of the kings of Ajam,
And in place have given me
A treasure-scattering pen.

They have carried away the crown
From the head of the Turks, descended from Afrasayab;
They have given me speech which has the bearing
Of the splendour of the Kayanian kings.

They have broken the pearls of the crown
And have fastened them to wisdom;
Whatever they have taken openly,
Clandestinely they have given back.

Whatever they have plundered
From the wealth of Fars,
They have given me back
In the form of a tongue to moan.

O Ghalib, from the very beginning
I am in fear and danger;
My fate is from Sagittarius
And they have given me reckoning under Cancer.



Why should they hold out
Separate standards for lust and love ?
God forbid that the ways of tyranny
Should altogether vanish from the world !

I am a part of the universe,
And more than its entirety;
Yet I am non-existent
Like the hair-thin waist of the lovely ones.

For ageless aeons the sky must turn
Until, with liver burnt,
From the tribe of fire-breathers
One like me shall arise.

O Ghalib, if I should describe in detail
All the oppression of my kinsmen,
Surely the law of hope
Will disappear from the world.

❀ 105 ❀

There is something I must say,
Although she knows not how to hear it,
There is a morning to my night,
Which knows not how to dawn.

How can one free oneself from shackles;
And how escape from the snare ?
We are like the deer
That knows not how to flee.

We receive the pleasure of sight
From her message;
Thy yearning one knows not
How to distinguish between seeing and hearing.

With all thy coquetry,
Unveil thyself; think not
That we have the eyes of the mirror
Which knows not how to see.

My desire is taking
The red wine from the pitcher,
Since it knows not
How to request the cup from the Saqi.

Ghalib has fashioned himself in accordance
With the delight in grief caused by thee;
Thou would'st say he has become a heart entire,
And yet cannot define his restlessness.

❀ 106 ❀

Each moment, in sheer delight, my heart
Stirs in agitation; behind the veil
There is a tendril of the vine
Which sways even without the breeze.

Through envy I wallow in blood,
But in delight I dance
When I see the moving axe
In the hand of Farhad.

O Ghalib, thy pen
Reveals the breath of Jesus,
When it moves
In a manner God-bestowed.

❀ 107 ❀

Fair beauties, do nothing
That will hurt anyone;
She has ravished our heart, now let us see.
What else we shall receive from the beloved.

Our objective in the temple and the Ka'ba
Is nothing but the friend;
Wherever we offer adoring prostration
It reaches to that threshold.

I will not come down
For the bait in the snare,
But thou mayest place the cage
So high that it will reach my nest.

I said that the first arrow shot
Has missed the aim;
Alas, if the second arrow
Should also miss the target.

I am not so abject
That again I will believe
The good news of union with thee—
Even if it comes from the heavens.

❀ 108 ❀

Behold the envious pride of faith
In the place for presenting claims of resignation !
See in what manner all are hurrying
Pell-mell to the desired goal !

The son puts his throat
Beneath the knife of his father;
While the father undergoes
The trial of Nimrud's fire.

Consider him not culpable—that profligate
Who says that “I am God”;
The Beloved displayed Himself openly,
Although the guardian was jealous for His honour.

I am honoured by the distinction shown,
That He has overlooked my sins;
With others it was on the plea for mercy
While with us it was despite our pride.

On the Day of Resurrection, the intensity
Of my heart’s pain remained concealed;
Let that lamenting cry be blood, which
At the same pitch as the clarion call, is uttered.

The heart came from Thee, and yet
Thou art accusing us on that account,
And at the first bid have taken from us
Whatever we owned of the stock of awareness.

The thought of the friend
Has been so constricted in my breast,
That tonight I felt ashamed
Of the complaints yester night.

I offer myself as sacrifice to this gesture
Of His gracious mercy, that, wearing the attire of
spring,
He came to the wine-tippling profligates
To offer apology.

So far as union with the friend is concerned,
I am content in merely receiving the message;
I have experienced the autumn of the eyes
And now the spring of the ears has come.

I am a martyr to thine eye
Which speaks so delightfully;
Now should'st thou be enamoured
Of my lips, which speak so silently.

Beauty is thy wealth,
And eloquence is mine;
The spring adds decoration
To the shop of the flower-seller.



In love one must be indifferent
To both the worlds; one should destroy
All worldly desire and melt reality,
In one's own being.

On the bosom of aspiration
Should the ready-money of delight be spilled;
On the soul of complaint
One should embroider negligence.

Like the lips, one should not indulge
In idle talk about loving desires;
Like the heart, one should hold
A curtain of privacy over secrets.

One should make preparation
To lay waste one's own self,
And then partake in all
The transactions of coquetry.

When love flutters its wings,
One should wax great in oneself;
And when blandishment is manifest in glory,
One must show supplication.

In the courtyard of the tavern
One can stagger drunkenly;
In the corner of the monastery
One should devote oneself to prayer.

One cannot live, wallowing
In the blood of the joy of sight;
One should be a martyr
To those long eyelashes.

Seek thy sight
From the awakened eye;
The mendicant prefers to beg
At doors which are wide open.

O Ghalib, what honour
Wilt thou have from the pleasure of freedom ?
Thou, who art so fond
Of all the good things of the world.

❀ 112 ❀

In dread of thy nature,
My breath has become like a twisted thread;
The glance from the heat of thy face
Resembles hair that has been signed by fire.

Thou would'st say that through the effervescence
Of the heart, its roots are still in water;
On the eyelashes the drops of blood
Resemble ungathered flower-buds.

From the tulip and the rose
Stifled desire for thy loving ways
Is set in agitation; the flower-bed
Resembles the resurrection of blood-stained hearts.

Happy is she who is ravished
By her own eyes, reflected in the mirror;
From the warmth of its ardour, the glance
Resembles a hunter who has sighted the deer.

Dust rising from the pathway
Reaches to the highest point of the crystalline
 heavens;
Through the heat of my wild madness, the wilderness
Resembles a tormented heart.

Wherever thou dost walk so gracefully, thou would'st
 say
That the glorious manifestation has become a part of
 us;
Through holding a mirror to desire for thee,
The heart resembles an eye.

Why should there be the anguish of despondency
When grief for thee is life-augmenting ?
The body, intoxicated in thy lane,
Resembles a tranquil soul.

Spring with its colour and fragrance, in the court
Of her glorious coquetry, resembles those beggars
Who pick up the money scattered in the street
To guard her against evil.

The rival has misled her
From the path; behold my faithfulness !
The dust of her street, in my eyes,
Resembles eyelashes that clog the sight.

The world is but the smoke of madness,
Which Ghalib wards off from himself;
Thou would'st say that the vault of heaven
Resembles a distracted head.

❀ 113 ❀

I am happy with the thought of thee,
That has rid me from twisting torment;
It has freed me from the distress
Of the stifled desire for sleep.

I am proud of thy glance,
Which in the intoxication of coquetry
Has freed me from feeling the difference
Between kindness and anger.

O Saqi, I desire from thee one glance,
So I may know from which goblet
Came the wine that has freed me
From the captivity of the obscuring veil.

I am proud of the precious worth of my endeavour
To be absorbed in astonishment,
Which has freed me from the limits
Of the desolate temple of the world.

The boat, broken by the blows of the waves,
Has destroyed me
By throwing me into the fire
When it freed me from the water.



By the side of my heart, my soul in love
Is agitated by separation from thee;
Like the bird that sees its nest
Being burnt, and trembles.

At the time of union, my state is like the thief
Who has found his way to a treasure trove;
In his heart there is fear
Of the guard, and he trembles.

O heart, what else can'st thou hope
To obtain from this simple-hearted sweetheart;
If thou dost kiss her mouth,
She trembles.

With fluttering eyelashes thou dost resemble
The hot glance of intoxication;
From this bow, inadvertantly,
The arrow is shot, and she trembles.

One would find no ecstasy in the preacher
When tasting the delight of soft melody,
But when he thinks of his death,
Sudden and unforeseen, he trembles.

Alas, the shame of the mean money-changer,
From whose shop, unexpectedly
People bring counterfeit coins,
And he trembles !

If there is no madness in the distracted head
Of Ghalib, then why does he shed his life ?
And why, when he prostrates his forehead
On her threshold, does he tremble ?



Those who are yearning
For union with the friend
Must melt themselves,
And so become one with her.

The mad one, with no means
For obtaining thread, pulls out one thread
From his front opening, so he may mend
The rent in his garment.

The blood of a thousand
Innocent victims is on the neck
Of those who say
That the beauties do good.

One whose lips are parched with thirst
Considers the mirage to be a stream of water;
It is only natural if the existence of things
Is seen with exaggeration.

In the inordinate desire for sight of thy face,
The spring itself is intoxicated;
If one smells the mouth of a flower-bud,
Thy fragrance comes.

Ghalib cannot be stained
With the mark of hypocrisy;
That patched robe is clean
Which has been washed in wine.

❀ 116 ❀

When I tell thee what passes
In my love-sick heart, because of thee,
Look at the glass; and see
What the hard flint does to it.

My dust has become a mirror-house
In waiting for her; then why
Is she going to the flower-garden
To enjoy the spectacle ?

Although we have not seen
The splendour of thy face in the goblet,
Yet why does our heart, all inadvertantly
Slip from its place, in its desire for wine ?

For us who have been fascinated
By the delightful taste of thy tyranny,
Why is there again this talk
About kindness and consideration ?

The seven skies are in constant motion,
And we are trapped between them;
O Ghalib, do not ask any more
What happens to us.

❀ 117 ❀

All the time the heart is suffused in blood,
And then pours it forth from the eyes;
But it cannot fulfil the obligations
Imposed by hidden sorrow.

If thou art a brave wayfarer,
Do not seek restful comfort;
In this valley, if the thorn is removed from the foot,
Then the foot comes not out from the skirt.

My bier, lifted up on the shoulders of men,
Is a warning for the pure-hearted;
One who stays in the street of the beloved
Cannot come out of it on his own feet.

O passion for unity, pull Ghalib
From the assembly of the debate;
Our simple Turk cannot successfully
Compete with these doctors of theology.

Glad am I that on the way to the Ka'ba
I have with me no travelling provisions,
Since being unencumbered, my foot does not stumble
On the thorns of the mimosa tree.

I am a writer and a poet, a profligate
And a good companion—I am a man of many skills.
Yet in spite of this I admit that thou hast no mercy
On my lamentations and my sighs.

Ghalib, I have no wine; if thou dost see him
Drunk upon the highway, in the early morning,
Thou must know that he is not coming
From his own bed-chamber.

When thou dost walk upon the earth,
The earth becomes the sky;
He is blessed with the delight of paradise
Who sits beside thy pathway.

My lips are so full of thy name,
That if I kiss a flower-bud,
It would become at once
The precious stone of thy seal.

When it thinks that it is not *that*.
Then it diminishes in shame;
The moon waxes big so that
It might become thy forehead.

Hundreds of resurrections
Are melted and mingled together,
In order to provide the leaven
For the tumultuous heart.

I bring the heat of agitation
Of my anguished heart, and say,
Alas, what must I do to convince thee
Of my grief at our separation ?

Through my poetry, I twist
And turn, and feed on sorrow;
I should like to seize the heart from the other
If I should find there any grief for thee.

Thy glorious manifestation only penetrates
The heart that has awareness;
I fall in the fire if I find
Someone else friendly to thee.

I have given away my eyes and my heart,
So that the excellence of my art might be admired;
Who is there like one, thy all-knowing
And all-perceiving one ?

What is infidelity, and what is faith,
Except the contamination of the conceit of being ?
Purify thyself, O purify thyself, so that
Thy unbelief may become religion.

O Ghalib, thy nature
Is made from the scorching heat of hell;
Alas for the breath
That will be thy last breath !

The heart is setting itself on fire,
Owed no obligation to the skirt;
I am pleased with the sigh
Which is both fire and wind.

Thou hast again gone from thy place,
At the persuasion of the glib-tongued rival;
We are obligated to our fate
That thou dost remember our silence.

How strange that the conflagration of the flames
Should burn the dry as well as the wet;
Love imparts the same colour
To the slave and to the free.

Last night I complained in thy presence
About the vicissitudes of my fortune;
My eye was turned towards the sky,
But my address was to thee.

I like the knot
Which is tied to my affairs;
It is the self-same knot
Which knits thy brow.

No wonder the Creator himself was lost
In making the impression of thy mouth;
He Himself was bewildered
By the loveliness of thy face.

With my flame-throwing breath, I am burning
Paradise, so that the rivals may not know
That it is situated
At the end of thy street.

The coming of the spring breeze
Made me suspect
That those flowers and buds were following
The caravan of thy scent.

Even before the waiting-maid
Could teach ill-manners,
The impression of every blandishment
Was reflected in the mirror of thy lap.

After his death, the tulips and the roses
Are blossoming by his grave-side;
How great, in the heart of Ghalib,
Was the desire for thy face !

❀ 122 ❀

I offer both my heart and faith
As thy price; heaven forbid that whatever
Remains from this transaction of madness
Thou should'st consider as a debt.

In my passionate love for thee,
Yes, I became a sun-worshipper;
The deer turns its heart away from Majnun
So it may live with Laila.

Before thee, the peacock
Does not display its splendour;
In thy flower-garden
It is like the fabled phoenix.

He must become an instrument
For the ill-fame of the robber,
That sick wayfarer
Who, wearied, lagged behind.

❀ 123 ❀

If I tell her of my suffering
She thinks it a form of comfort;
She draws no distinction between the dark day
And the shadow of the wall.

Death is difficult,
But still harder is the thought
That although I die, she does not consider
That this is difficult.

Ghalib, the wine-cup is unlawful
For that drinker
Who in his thoughtlessness
Knows not the measure of his speech.

❀ 124 ❀

She gives wine to all those
Invited to the banquet;
But when my turn comes, in the assembly,
Pointing at me, she spills the wine.

For the joy of tasting the wine,
My mouth waters;
The yet untaken wine
Pours from my mouth.

❀ 125 ❀

If that which passes before the sight
Does not pierce the heart,
Then how excellent
Is the passing of one's life in travel !

Enjoy the favours of union with the friend
With patient endurance;
The thirsty one is drowned
If the water passes over his head.

Ghalib, I am under no obligation
To my friends, and I am happy
That my affair is beyond the help
Of the provider of remedies.

❀ 126 ❀

Offer not wine to the devout !
To this tribe
Wine is not equal
To the brackish water of Zam-Zam.

The venerable master thinks of paradise
As his long-desired patrimony;
But woe to him, being his progeny,
If he does not follow Adam.

High minded,
I get no thrill from intoxication;
Even if the wine is from Jamshed's tavern,
It is not mellowed enough for me.

Whatever thou dost see in this world,
Is a link of the chain;
There is hardly any place
Where these circles do not meet.

❀ 127 ❀

Freedom is a musical instrument,
But it emits no sound;
On whatever path we have passed by,
There is no echo of our foot-fall.

There is love and weakness,
Beauty and intoxicated arrogance;
Oppression and iniquity I cannot endure,
And she has neither tolerance nor fidelity.

Happy is he
Who abandons his heart to pain;
The sown-field of the world is a meadow,
With no boundary.

Squeeze thy being until thou art
Intoxicated by the inner wine;
In our close assembly
There is no room for the goblet.

O grass of the wayside, why should'st thou lament
At the violence of man's footsteps ?
In the usage of this world
There is no blood-money even for the rose.

In the inner tumult of his heart
A hundred melodies are born;
But one would say that the afflicted lover
Can produce no sigh to reach the goal.

Every opening verse of my poem
Is a lament, falling from my pen;
My musical instrument has no sound
Except the melody of love.

One who sheds his life in grief for thee,
Death shall not overtake him from behind;
One who throws his body to disaster,
Need have no fear of that calamity.

Have mercy on thyself, I told her—
Or else, thou dost know best;
I have a heart which has no more strength
To ensure oppression.

On account of her conceited vanity
Her kindness itself is like
International negligence; O God, let her not exercise
Oppression on me anymore.

She has black eyes,
And she will never look at us;
She has a face fair as the moon,
But it is not for us.

The flower-bud resembles thy ruby lips,
But it does not speak;
The narcissus in like thine eyes,
But has no blushing modesty.

Its water melts the earth,
And its rain is like hot vapour;
By the death of Ghalib, I declare
That Delhi's climate is no good !

❀ 128 ❀

Of the canal of milk, and the pleasures of Khusrau,
No trace is left,
But the sense of honour
Still taunts Farhad.

To the piercing eyelashes and to the lancet
I owe no obligation;
The wave of blood which surges in the heart
Springs from God-given anguish.

There'll be no more delay
In the caravan of colour, than the time it takes,
For the rose to sip one cup
In the shade of the box-tree.

Ghalib, the tears from thine eyes
Have seized the whole world;
There is a wave of the river Tigris
That strikes Baghdad.

They have prescribed abstinence from wine
At all costs, but truly
They have told a most expedient lie.

O Ghalib, they regard thee as a Muslim
In the temple of the Magi, but truly
They have told a most expedient lie.

Alas for the skill of the Saqi
In handling men of vision;
He gives wine to each, according to the measure,
And proffers the cup in his coquettish style.

I do not recognise
The head from the foot of my endeavours;
Every moment the sky manifests
That the end is just the beginning.

The keepers of secrets have pressed it
Into the tone of the flute and the pipe;
Since the lament wished to disclose
The cruelty of her coquetry.

Every breeze from thy street
That passes by my dust,
Reminds me of the agitation
Of the galloping steed of life.

The breeze is shedding blood
Through the effect of my sighs;
Who, through the efforts of his vision
Can guide his footsteps to the door of the friend ?

We have become the mirror for thy coquetry;
Now give the order that yearning desire
Should bring the happy tidings of thy vision
From our side back to thee.

The dust of the friend's pathway
Is cast upon my head, so it might
Carry my heart's unfulfilled desire
To adorn the turban.

Ghalib pretends to have attained
The annihilation of the self, but yet
He has no peace of mind; by Thy grace
May he be guided from speech to action.

O heart, be not aggrieved
If the work is hard; when it gets out of hand,
Then it goes easily.

Except in his poetry, where is infidelity
And faith ? His poetry permeates
Both infidelity and faith.

Our despondency is not affected
By the revolution of the times;
The day that has been darkened
Has no morning and no evening.

I kiss the lips of the heart ravisher,
But dare not bite them;
My heart is soft—it does not have the courage
To fulfill this desire.

Because of thee, every particle of my dust
Is dancing in the air;
Truly the madness of love
Has no end.

Cast thyself into calamity, so that no more
Thou mayest feel dread of calamity;
The bird in the cage does not suffer
The distress of the snare.

Look at the nightingale in the flower-garden,
And the moth in the assembly;
Love finds no satisfaction,
Even in union.

Each drop of wine is poured
According to the ambition of the drinker;
The tavern of grace
Has no barrels of goblets.

What effect can that speech produce
Which comes not from the heart ?
May the tongue be cut
Which sheds no blood !

The Saki is wise,
The wine is strong—but through bad temper
I became angry if the cup of wine
Was not heavy enough.

I am forgetful of self, but desire respite
To return again to myself;
Then I require no other present
Except the thought of the friend.

Both the expectation of the lustful
And my stifled desire
Have been increased by the news
That grief is not eternal.

The idols of the city
Are the sovereign rulers - but they are cruel;
They are the instructors of the whole world
In the ways of oppression.

They ravish the heart in such a manner
That none can suspect them;
Oh those ensconced behind the veil,
How well they can hide their intentions !

They are not concerned for the sown fields,
Nor for the crops, nor for the orchard and the garden;
It is for the sake of drinking wine
That they are well-wishers of the wind and rain.

She regrets her promise;
To banish her remorse
The hopeful lovers
Wish for their own death.

Behold the antimony—
Then turn the page and hold thy breath;
Don't see that those with bewitching glances
Have black deeds.

O Ghalib, how can'st thou, with this pretence.
Escape from the evil eye ?
Do not repeat that there are thousands
Like me in the world.



On that day when each one
Will be questioned about his deeds,
Would to God that we should also
Be asked about our stifled desires.

Thou hast said that it is wrong
To harbour the wish to behold thee;
But 'tis an error that will be committed,
Even on the Day of Retribution.

What delight can there be for the traveller
 Who encounters no pricking thorns ?
 Go not to the Ka'ba
 If the path is too safe.

If there is one who knows my language,
 Then bring him here;
 The stranger in the city
 Has so many things to say.

In thy unkindness, I recognise
 The role of my own fortune;
 If I have roses in my skirt,
 Then I tremble for the lot of the rose-garden.

When it boasts of its colour and fragrance,
 Assuredly it will have dispute with me;
 Even when my tongue is with the flower-garden,
 Yet my heart is still with her.

Many a time the rose's
 Blazing countenance has tempted
 The compulsive desire of the moth
 To fly to the tip of its branch.

I am proud of the deception
Of reconciliation with her;
Ghalib went, unsuccessful, but brought
A hopeful heart from thy street.

❀ 140 ❀

Happy am I that no security
Is there in my affairs;
Like the wave which every moment,
In breaking itself, speeds its own flow.

Happy the day when, intoxicated,
I struggle with her skirt;
Sometimes she pulls me by the hand
Sometimes holds me with my tearful eyes.

❀ 141 ❀

The grace of her coquetry is such
That in heart-ravishing
She hides in amorous playfulness
Her ways of self-displaying.

I seek the fulfilment
Of desire from that exquisite beauty—
She who when sitting
Is as lively as when walking.

For us, the ill-fortuned—
In our mirror the image
Of the reflection of the parrot
Resembles rust.

What should it reckon,
Except the knot of grief in the heart—
That tongue which remains
Bound in the shackles of speech.

❀ 142 ❀

Whatever the world has done to me
Is out of envy;
It saw my delight in being wounded,
And made me infamous.

Indeed, in my distraction,
My hand became unfit for use;
While breaking one shackle
It has fastened another.

That sage was short-sighted
Who said that one should not always believe
In the principle of compulsion
Beyond one's capability.

Despondency is lack of faith in Thee,
And with this Thou art not pleased;
But my despondency has again
Made me hopeful of Thee.

❀ 143 ❀

I am desirous of that Saqi,
The heat from whose delightful gait
Keeps the wings of the long-necked flasks
Fluttering like sacrificed peacocks.

My heart dances for joy
In the loop of the snare of disaster;
Indeed it thinks itself
In the curls of her tresses.

I said—"For God's sake this is not the time
To visit the sick ! Leave Ghalib to his fate;
Now his soul is hanging on his lips
And he has many stories on his tongue".

❀ 144 ❀

I desire that fairy who is very pure
But also very arrogant; although subdued
By incantation, she was not content
With the piety of the exorcist.

I seek justice ! On the Day of Judgement
I was shamed when it was said,
"Look at this stubborn fellow
Who was not content with the command of the
friend".

The favours of the heart-ravishers are common,
But one should not set one's heart on them;
Don't consider that lover her favourite
Who is not content with disappointment.

O father, do not dispute with me—
Look at the son of Azar;
One who becomes a man of vision
Is not content with the religion of his elders.

I asked the intellect—"Tell me
What is the sign of a wise man?"
It replied "One whose speech
Is consistant with his actions".

I died on account of my constancy,
While the rival fled away;
One of her lips is honey,
And the other sugar-candy.

Whatever has arisen
From the foolishness of the world,
We have turned into provision
For our joy, and have drunk wine.

Thou hast not fulfilled my desires,
So why dost Thou count my sins?
Poor Ghalib does not deserve
Such courteous attention.

We have reached thy lane,
Which is the place to spend one's life
In kissing the ground
Where thy feet have trod.

It is light-headedness
To beg for joy;
Happy is the heart
Made great through sorrow.

❀ 148 ❀

It was becoming
For us both, that destiny
Endowed me with elegant speech,
And gave to thee a beauteous face.

Again the Saqi has carried me
From the mosque to the tavern;
The wine was a mere cup or two,
But he deceived me with a pitcher.

❀ 149 ❀

Since thy amorous glance
Nullifies the spell of magic,
So disaster wrought by the robber
Is diverted from the caravan.

How the spring desires
To absorb the colour of thy face !
Thus, moment by moment
It turns the leaves of the Judas tree.

When there is no news
From the captives of the garden,
Even the gathering up of the net
Shakes my nest.

O Ghalib, I have feigned madness;
How good it would be
If the friend puts in motion
The chain of trial.

If I have gone from thy street,
It has not been easy for me;
This story thou can'st hear
From the tongue of dear friends.

I have an ardent desire for company,
Through my sighs I have abandoned envy;
Let the thorns of thy pathway
Prick the feet of dear friends.

Like the eye, from end to end
The heart is thirsty—for whose sight ?
Let it become blood and trickle
From the root of every hair.

The scar of our heart continued
To scatter flames, even in old age;
Although the night has ended
Yet the candle is not extinguished.

On the day when they concealed
Strength in the wine and moaning in the flute,
They gave no thought to the work
Of the intellect and understanding.

If they have made a scar
And given increase of pain,
So I am proud that in the bustling tumult
They have not forgotton me.

Think that it is due to modesty
And not to tyranny; if that essence of coquetry
Does not visit the grave
Of the martyr to her cruelty.

If one drop of blood falls, thou dost consider
That it makes invalid thy sacred ablution,
While we pour forth a torrent of blood
From our lashes, and yet retain our purity.

Understand the mysterious allusions,
For every point has its own graceful elegance;
The initiated is he who without a signal
Does not venture on the path.

The devout one is not concerned
About the hour of paradise,
Except that his lustful desire might ravish her
Yet leave her virginity intact.

❀ 154 ❀

Why dost thou ask from which seed
All these scars have sprung ?
Bring out the heart from my breast
And take it to the tulip-planters.

Thou art remorseful of thine own blandishment;
Leave those that are heavy-souled, and ask
From those willing to surrender hearts,
And take tranquillity from the restless.

❀ 155 ❀

I am proud of the rules of grace
Which in its ardour, as a candle
And a lamp for the dark night of the desert waste,
Creates the spring.

For the coquetry of thy nature,
Autumn is well-versed in ceremonies,
And for the beauty of thy countenance,
Spring is the mirror-holder.

Through sorrow caused by thee
My madness is the rouge on the cheek of awareness;
In thy pathway, for the tresses of the flying dust,
Spring is the comb.

For thy associates, the flower-garden
Is a border on the carpet,
And for thy martyrs,
Spring is the candle for their graves.

From thy musk-scented curling locks
The breeze diffuses fragrance;
For thy colourful countenance,
Spring applies the rouge.

Wild madness appears in the dust
Of the fluttering wings of colour;
Having fled from the ambush,
Spring is the prey.

From love comes the heat
Of beauty's tumult in the world;
For the clamour of the nightingales,
Spring is the collector of commotion.

It will scatter thorns in the pathway
Of those stricken by madness;
Else in the mountains and the wilderness
Spring serves what purpose ?

O Ghalib, one can obtain
From the drops of dew,
That which from envy of my breath
The spring seeks to squeeze.

Come, see the ardour
Of my desire to gaze at thee;
Behold me, like tears, trickling
From the tips of the eyelashes.

Thou didst draw aside from me
For my fault of restless agitation;
Now come, visit my grave,
And behold how restful I have become.

My work is past all remedy;
Thou should'st feel ashamed at the other's envy.
In the assembly of thy union,
Behold my absence.

I have heard it said that thou wilt not look at me,
But yet I am not despondent;
I have heard of thy not seeing me,
Now behold how I have heard it.

The grain has sprouted, and grown into a tree,
And birds build their nest therein;
But in expectation of the phoenix,
Behold my spreading of the snare.

Thou art not aware of the supplication
Of those with stifled desires;
Become my glance, and behold
How furtively I am looking at thee.

If thou hast desire
For the spectacle of the rose-garden,
Then come and behold the condition
Of my restless wallowing in blood.

It is the tyranny of the comb
That hair was broken from the tip
Of those tresses; behold how in remorse I bite
The back of my hand with my teeth.

Thou should'st become my spring
And find me in full bloom;
Come to me, in privacy, and behold
How I drain the cup of wine.

Thou did'st not do me justice !
Through love-sickness I gave up my life;
Now I demand redress
For the manner of thy indifference.

O Ghalib, I will not be courteous
Without first receiving courtesy;
Behold how I bend in the shadow
Of the inclining curve of her sword.

❀ 157 ❀

Ask the people for the reckoning
Of my acts of fidelity to thee;
And remember the innumerable
Oppressions done to me.

Tell me, what did my soul
See in thy intoxicated eyes ?
Remember what happened to my head
Because of thy curling ringlets.

My lamentations and plaints
In the dark shadow of thy tresses—
Remember this, and also the moment when my heart
Fell into the well of thy chin's dimple.

Weigh thine own amorous playfulness with me
Against what happened to me in consequence;
Remember my coming to thy assembly
Without receiving thy invitation.

Thou hast a thousand
Wounded and afflicted ones in this world;
Remember one, Ghalib,
Who is both afflicted and wounded in body.



Separated from the friend,
Profusely we strewed the dust on our head;
Even though on that pathway
A hundred streams were flowing.

The welling of my tears is impelled
By the stifled desire for her sight;
My glance is the lustre
Which is wound around the pearl.

What can the friend give
Of paradise or hell, since already
I possess the luxury of delight in thought of thee,
And the scar on my liver.

It grows so much that it can no longer
Be contained within the garden,
That cypress, which through desire for thee
They press to their bosom.

The lifetime, which, in passionate longing
For thee, had become the treasure of grief,
Behold now we have given it
For thee to enjoy.

The minstrel is reciting the ghazal,
And Ghalib listens; O Saqi from the circle of friends,
Take away the wine,
And all its paraphernalia.



O heart, from the rose-bush of hope,
Bring me a sign;
If a fresh rose is not available
Then bring me an autumn leaf.

O ardent love, through dread of grief,
My heart has not opened,
Bring for me some disaster
From the source of tumult.

O fate, I admit
That I am not the target,
But at least, sometime, bring me that arrow
Shot from her bow that has missed its aim.

O thou, who hast brought
No love-letter from her hand,
The news of union given verbally
Brings me this from her tongue.

O thou, in grief for whom
Everyone has jealously given his life,
Kill me not through jealousy,
But bring to me the grief of all the world.

O God, thou hast brought
This wealth of existence out of nothingness
Bring for me, also, a few kisses
From the treasure of her non-existent mouth.

O Ghalib, simple speech
Does not deceive my heart;
Bring for me the quaint conceits
Of intricate diction.

❀ 160 ❀

Blow the breath of affliction
On my heart;
Like a lament
Bring me forth from myself.

Either increase
The dignity of desire,
Or from within
Bring forth our longing.

Life has been
More bitter than death;
Bring forth now
A death more pleasant than this life.

Adorn the colourfulness
Of the flower-garden
With blazing flames;
Bring forth Ibrahim from Azar.

The lips are shedding pearls
Out of gratitude;
Bring forth hearts
Rich with the wealth of grief.

Ghalib
Agrees with Naziri:—
“Look, rob the drop
And bring forth the pearl”.

❀ 161 ❀

O delight of song,
Bring me back to loud lamentation;
O clamorous uproar of the night-assault
Bring me back to the dwelling of understanding.

If it will not exert itself on its own,
Then I'll carry it down through the eyes;
Bleed thy heart, then in the breast
Bring the blood to boiling point.

O wise friend, thou dost know
The ways of the desolate wilderness;
Bring me a candle
Which will not be extinguished by the wind.

I know that thou possessest gold,
And hast access everywhere;
If the Sultan does not offer wine,
Then bring it from the wine-seller.

If the tavern-keeper pours it in a gourd,
Take it in the hand, and be gone;
If the king bestows it in a pitcher
Then lift it and bring it on thy shoulder.

The fragrant basil blossoms in the flask,
And sweet melody drips from the gurgling bottle;
Throw that in the way of the eyes,
And this in the way of the ears.

By thy skill, sometimes
Make me self-forgetful in wine,
And then, when sunk in black drunkenness.
With soft melody bring me to consciousness.

She is very delicate,
 She rests her face in the dust;
 She beats her breast, restlessly—
 Look at her lying on the wet ground !

The lightning which once burnt the souls of men,
 Now see her heart made cold by affliction;
 Once her coquetry shed blood,—
 Now look at her palms devoid of henna !

She was one who did not supplicate
 Even before God, in privacy;
 Now look at her lamenting
 Before all, for the tyranny of the sky.

When anyone's tongue took the name of grief before
 her,
 She would say "There is a river in between;"
 Now look at the river of blood, flowing from those
 eyes
 Which once shed the blood of others.

That bosom which remained hidden,
 Like the soul, from the eyes of the world—
 Look at it now, disclosed at the window
 Of the front-opening of her dress.

When eager in the pursuit of game,
 See her ears following the sound of the prey;
 When turning back her steed,
 Look at her eyes, fixed on the game-straps.

On the other's threshold,
See her gratitude to the doorkeeper;
In a street that is beneath her dignity,
Look at her envy of its rubbish !

Hear how she reproaches herself,
And see the smile upon her lips;
For the poison that she is swallowing
In secret, look at her antidote.

Behold the beauty of her eyes,
And the excellence of her heart;
See the ardour of her disposition, and look at
Her pearl-shedding eyes and spark-scattering sighs.

Every morning she recites the verses of Ghalib,
In the hope that they will prove effective;
Do not cavil at her
But look at her excellence and her understanding.

❀ 163 ❀

O God, through madness, lay the foundation
Of grief in my understanding;
From the mould of my wall and door
Produce a hundred waste lands.

Each flash of lightning,
Whose nature is to melt the spectacle,—
Leave it, and, pour it forth
Into my vision's cup of delight.

The poor fellow knows not
The pleasure of affliction;
Make me a thorn, and lay me
In the pathway of my giver of remedies.

❀ 164 ❀

A hundred resurrections have been rolled up
In my every breath; and there transformed to blood;
Yet in my inexperience I am still constricted
By the fear of the Day of Retribution.

My strength could not grapple with her indifference,
But in my boundless ambition
I am still desirous of her glance
Which knows no consideration.

❀ 165 ❀

I am a wave of wine,
I am a piece of roast Kabab;
Look at my agitation,
Then ask me about my burning ardour.

It is not through sleeping that the strength
To open the wings is given;
From nothingness Adam appeared—
Ask me about his striving.

I have built paradise;
Seek the delights of Kausar from me.
I am the black cover of the Ka'ba;
Ask me about the brackishness of Zam-Zam.

The heart melted on account of the laments;
And this is not all;
What should one do
With the futile hope of producing an effect?

In the throes of envy of ourselves
We cannot afford to be considerate;
In the pathway of love
What should one do with Khizr?

If one desires drunkenness from wine,
Then let him drink;
O preacher, may God deal with thee,—
What should one do with those traditions?

In the pathway of love
The ways of wisdom do not count;
Woe to the efforts of that traveller
Who distinguishes between his feet and forehead.

Without sorrow
The nature of man cannot be exalted;
Take care and learn
To distinguish the value of the afflicted heart.

Ghalib, thou cans't not discover
Our taste from our own self;
Go and distinguish the style of Naziri
And the manner of Hazin.

Opportunity has vanished
 And stifled desires have firmly planted their feet;
 My condition is beyond remedy,
 Yet I am under no one's spell.

I am angered at those lovers
 Who attribute these tyrannies to the friend;
 No one has ascribed them
 To the kindness of the sky.

We are ashamed of our heart,
 And we seek the favour of the slayer;
 How can we cure ourselves
 When no-one else could do so?

One should not put trust
 In the learned and the devout;
 One is a vain talker,
 And the other chases after futility.

If a kiss from the intoxicated beloved
 Is easily won, don't take it;
 If the wine is cheap,
 Don't buy it from the keeper of the tavern.

God is only perceived by feeling
 And the world by intelligence;
 O Ghalib, this murmur of the chant
 Does not want to remain silent.

From the colour and scent
Of the flower and the bud,
I estimate the dust of the caravan of life
And the lament of its camel bell.

My liver has become more thirsty
Through the heat of this draught;
O the ways of deception
In her half-reaching glance !

I am glad that the friend
Has been so inconstant, that even in thought
I cannot imagine that she could ever
Become a refuge of hope for anyone else.

That spring-blossoming youth
Whom they called Ghalib—
Look at him now, and see
How blood is dripping from his every breath.

From the coldness
Of the tumult of paradise,
Around Kausar I want
To kindle fire.

I have a heart
Which in the agitation of passion
Has the nature of hell;
Its essence is fire.

Like the wave
I wax great in flood,
And like the flame
I dance in fire.

❀ 172 ❀

The smoke of vapour has built a dark curtain,
And I called it sky;
The eyes dashed against a dreadful dream,
And I named it the world.

Fancy threw dust in my eyes;
I called it wilderness.
A drop melted
And I named it shoreless ocean.

The wind brushed its skirt against the fire
And I called it the advent of spring;
Through drunkenness that flame became a scar
And I named it autumn.

Feeling out of place in a foreign land,
I called it my native country;
When the loop of the snare was too narrow,
I named it nest.

In my side it was established with dignity
And I called it heart;
It vanished in such a coquettish manner
That I named it life.

She was anxious to kill me—
I called her unconcerned;
Woe to me that ever
I named her unkind.

So that I might please her
By my grateful service,
Although the master of my house,
I named her guest.

The heart did not wish
The tongue to know its friendship's secret;
Sometimes I called her such-and-such
And sometimes I named her so-and-so.

The glance ravishes the soul,
And indifference kills;
That is the lustre of the sword, and this
I name the back of the bow.

In the spiritual path,
Whatever transpires, passes away;
I saw the Ka'ba,
And I named it footprint of the travellers.

I have lived on the hope
Of following the way of patient resignation;
Thou hast cut thyself away from me,
Yet I have named it trial.

Ghalib was a nightingale
In the garden of Ajam;
In my ignorance
I named him the parrot of Hindustan.

❀ 173 ❀

When with such grace my idol
Strolls on the green lawn, thou would'st say
The earth, delighting in her gait,
Writhes like the sacrificed parrot.

Thou would'st think that the foundations of my house
Are based on a passionate longing for desolation;
It is only to welcome the flood
That its walls have started dancing.

❀ 174 ❀

Place a thousand mirrors of coquetry
Before thyself, and draw
A thousand heart-illuminating pictures,
And put them by thy side.

If thou hast a hankering for wine,
Demand thy cup from the narcissus;
And if thou dost require a rosary,
Then string the drops of dew as pearls.

Become drunk with that melodious song
Which is not forbidden;
Drain that cup of wine
Which is not unlawful.

Like the reflection of an arched bridge in the torrent,
Dance in delight at disaster;
Separating thyself from thyself,
Balance thyself, and dance.

There is no faith in the keeping of promises;
Whatever happy moments come, consider thy good
fortune;
At the time of making promises,
If the fair ones offer blandishment, then dance.

There is delight in the search itself,
So why talk of finishing thy journey ?
At the sound of the camel-bell
Lose thy balance, and dance.

The flower-garden was verdant,
When we walked there proudly;
In the burning of our straw and rubbish,
O flame, —dance !

Even the hooting of an owl
Should be heard as a kind of melody;
Even in the breeze
Of the phoenix' fluttering wings—dance !

The delight of the desert waste
Cannot be found in love;
Become a whirlwind of dust,
And, rising in the air, —dance !

Put aside the outmoded customs
Of thy honoured friends;
Mourn at the wedding feast,
And in the assembly of mourners—dance !

Unlike the anger of the devout
And the friendship of hypocrites,
Be not self-centred,
But before everyone,—dance.

Seek not distress in burning,
Or delight in blossoming;
On the edge of the simoon, and in the gentle breeze,
Frivolously dance.

Ghalib with this exultant joy,
To whom art thou bound ?
Wax great in thyself alone
And with the shackles of disaster—dance !

❀ 176 ❀

In the garden of paradise, be not content
Without asking the friend for wine;
That which He had taken from us
He now gives in return.

Give to madness
The capital of wisdom;
The Munificent one, for one gain,
Gives a thousand losses in return.

Our eloquence shall not go in vain,
For the Munificent one
Takes away our heart
And gives a tongue in return.

He compensates every act of faith
By a different manner of oppression;
Ghalib see how the friend
Gives in return.



'Tis not enough
That it passes in our thoughts;
Thou hast said that in love
An audible sigh is the condition.

My wish is to put my lips on hers,
And then give up my life;
In the presentation of love,
Elegant style is the condition.

So that I may reach the Ka'ba
What do I see in going from the temple
To the Ka'ba, but that to walk
With face turned back is the condition.

Ghalib, in the world in which thou art,
Drink thine own heart's blood,
For to obtain wine,
To be rich is the condition.

Reliance on the promise of thy tongue
Was wrong, oh it was wrong;
From thy manner of speaking one could see
That it was wrong, that it was wrong.

I have looked at the bud intently
It has a grace of its own, indeed,
But to say that it resembles thy mouth
Was wrong, oh it was wrong.

To place confidence in thy message
Was a mistake, a great mistake;
To seek fulfilment of desire from thy lips
Was wrong, oh it was wrong.

Even now each tyranny of thine
Is the reward for my constancy;
Our complaint of thy suspicion
Was wrong, oh it was wrong.

O glorious manifestation of multi-coloured hues,
Where art thou, after all ? Here in this world
Whatever sign of thee was given
Has been wrong, yes, it was wrong.

Ardent love wanted to twist
The threads of vain illusion;
Else the ideas of our existence and thy waist,
Both were wrong, oh both were wrong.

Thou art that which resembles
Nothingness; the shadow
Cast by thy moving cypress
Was wrong, oh it was wrong.

Dost thou wish that Ghalib
Should die with this chant upon his lips:—
“Reliance on the promise of thy tongue
Was wrong, oh it was wrong”.

❀ 179 ❀

For me that have no wine,
What relish is there in this world?
For thee that hast it, but dost not drink,
What savour is there from the spring ?

Kausar is good, and unadulterated
Is the wine that it contains;
But from that pure and sacred wine
What savour, in our tipsiness, can we derive ?

In that which is beyond my powers
What is the good of cautious discretion ?
In that which the friend does not want,
What savour is there in having a choice ?

❀ 180 ❀

I am proud of that beauty whose renown
Gives it its lustre; it was a dread
For the heart of the rose, and created confusion
In the regulations of the candle.

I melt my breath with no help
From the spark, the flame or the smoke;
I am the scar of that inner burning
Which is not known to the art of the candle.

❀ 181 ❀

I am happy that both the preacher and the Brahmin
Have agreed about my denial;
Seeing the dispute between lack of faith
And religion, my own heart finds ease.

There are a myriad signs that it is morning;
O Ghalib, why dost thou sleep, so unaware of thyself?
The pious ones have gone to the mosque,
And the profligates have gathered in the flower-
garden.

❀ 182 ❀

Believe not the common chatter
Of the ill-bred, and fear it not;
I, and seeking an effect with my sighs ?
It is a lie, yes, its a lie.

What is this deception
In the promise of a kiss and an embrace ?
The mouth is a lie and the waist
Is a lie, yes its a lie.

I and the ardent desire to abandon
My head on thy footsteps—this is true;
But thou in thy kindness going to visit my grave,
This is a lie, yes its a lie.

If thou did'st not invite me out of affection,
Thou wilt indeed kill me with blandishment;
Not everything that thou dost promise
Is a lie, not totally a lie.

In this dispute Zuhuri
Is witness to Ghalib—and this is enough;
“I and the intention to leave thy street—
It is a lie, yes its a lie”.

❀ 183 ❀

While kissing the beloved's lips
I feel sorry;
In my thirst for the fountain of life,
I feel sorry.

I am that simple rustic
In the city of love,
Who for the twists and coils
Of the dishevelled tresses, feels sorry.

To taste the full flavour
In the anguish of life,
I would shed calamities on the heart,
And for my life feel sorry.

I have not got away from myself,
And I am ever anxious;
For the fire-worshipper and the Musalman,
In the way of truth, I feel sorry.

Since my heart is thine,
Embraces and kisses should be offered to my body;
For thy hidden kindness
How much should I feel sorry ?

Ghalib, I have heard it
From Naziri, who said—
“I lament for the sky, if for the sighs
I do not feel sorry”.

❀ 184 ❀

My flowers and the candle on the grave
Of the martyrs are all wasted, thou art not satisfied
Even when my whole life
In prayer is wasted.

Thou hast visited the sick-bed too late;
What can I scatter as an offering ?
In the anguish for loyalty
I and my life have been already wasted.

For thee were the colour and fragrance,
And for me the provisions of necessity;
Colour and fragrance were worn out,
And the provisions were wasted.

Would to God that the feet of the sky
Would rest from their ceaseless movement;
The time which has been already wasted,
Why has it been wasted ?

My love and thy beauty
Converse with each other;
Khusrau with Majnun are on one side
And Shirin with Laila on the other.

When I involved my heart in this world
I fell into distress; on one side
Is the anguish of respite, and an ardent desire
For spectacle is on the other.

O thou who in the assembly of effect
Hast prepared thyself to plunder my awareness,
On one side is the minstrel and the melody,
And the Saqi with red wine is on the other.

Those who scatter thorns upon my path
Are afraid of the lightning of my sighs;
Foolish children are on one side
And wise old men are on the other.

Tired out on the way of constancy,
Enraptured I wander from place to place;
On one side the ready-money for the caravanserai,
And my provisions for the desert on the other.

My eyes and my heart are pulling me
In different directions; lying low,
Bound in the fetters of sorrow, on one side
Hidden anguish, and manifest tumult on the other.

O thou, with mirror always before thine eyes,
Intoxicated with thine own glorious manifestation,
On one side have pity on thy soul,
And leave aside sympathy for us on the other.

O Ghalib, how would'st thou console me,
In separation from the stately cypress;
On one side the rival's envy pulls me,
And excess of longing on the other.

❀ 186 ❀

Munificence is searching excuses
For showing mercy; in the accountability for actions,
No good deeds are possible
Without the prompting of Thy grace.

Thou hast given me the title
Of particle of dust, and so I dance;
Thus I have established
Kinship with the command of thy tongue.

Ghalib, I will give thee
A place by the side of the tavern,
Provided thou wilt remain content
With the smell of unadulterated wine.

❀ 187 ❀

In the assembly of wine
Look at her unbuttoning her front-opening;
Happy is the excuse for drunkenness,
And happy the favour of ardent love.

She misses her way, and unawares
Comes upon my hovel;
The idols are deceived
By the compelling guidance of ardent love.

They make one independent
Of the solicitous enquiries of friends,
The pride of single-heartedness,
And the exalted assistance of ardent love.

❀ 188 ❀

With the lover,
The distinction of indifference
Shows that for his out-of-place complaints
He should feel shame, and perish.

If I do not go with Khizr,
It is through a sense of my own unworthiness;
With me as fellow-traveller, I fear
That in disgrace he'd perish.

Anguish is a rare delight,
In the relishing of which
The lover derives pleasure secretly,
While openly he seems to perish.

❀ 189 ❀

There is no wild madness
If the house has a lamp;
For the darkness of the dusty corner,
If the heart is there, why fear ?

The negligent one has struck lightning
Through the elements of my being,
Since for the effect of the fiery breath
Thou hast no fear.

With thy agreement there is no dread
Of the discordance of time;
With thy constancy, for the unkindness
Of the sky there is no fear.

❀ 190 ❀

Only Thy perfection
Knows how to comprehend Thy perfection;
To realise Thine existence in thought,
Thine own existence is the only guide.

Thou can't not bring relief
To the parched lip of the Musalman,
O thou who hast built a public fountain of wine
For the sons of infidels.

Why dost thou speak
Of the afflicted Ghalib
In a country where they don't distinguish
Between Naziri and Qatil ?

❀ 191 ❀

Puffed up with joy I said "It won't be easy
Thus to hold me in thine arms";
In her simplicity, at the time of union,
She pressed me tightly in her arms.

I am proud when she feels afraid
And her heart trembles needlessly,
In playfulness she wrinkles her forehead
And slyly puts her hands beneath my arms.

Oh, her scanty dress,
Which has increased her incontinence;
Through modesty sweat covered her
And she was naked in my arms.

She surrendered her wisdom to the wine,
And could no longer tell herself from me;
In bashfulness her face turned towards my side,
And she feigned to hide it beneath my arms.

Sometimes she happily slept by my side
Shutting her lips to speech;
And sometimes, resting her head,
She rubbed her dimpled chin on my arm.

Early in the morning, she came uninvited,
The fastening of her tunic all untied;
With cover still unopened,
The Royal summons was beneath her arm.

A sergeant came riding on horse-back,
With dagger and spear in hand;
A groom ran behind him, announcing
His presence, with a bent stick under his arm.

In the palace garden she drank wine
And would saunter, intoxicated, from here to there;
Her shadow itself held
A hundred flower-gardens in its arms.

When she saw a bud in the flower-bed,
She would address the rose-bush thus;
"O thou, see how from me the dart
Penetrates the liver, and the arrow pierces the arm."

O Ghalib, living in solitude
Thou hast such fear and pleasure;
The spy of the Sultan awaits in ambush,
And the Sultan's darling is in my arms.



The reason can be deceived
By half a blandishment;
Turn that heart into blood
That desires from thee the rose.

In colour and fragrance
Whom does the rose resemble,
That in the flower-bed one rose chases another
In search of the Rose.

The heat of spring has broken its reins,
And the she-camel,
Lost in the desert waste,
Pursues the scent of the rose.

Since the time thou did'st bestow on me
The title of nightingale,
Thou hast augmented both my hope
And the honour of the rose.

❀ 193 ❀

From beginning to end,
Thought can be equated with tumult;
Every moment the spectacle
Is face to face with lightning.

From black-facedness my candle
Is a scar on the forehead of my privacy;
My harp in its silence is a disgrace
On the carpet of the assembly.

In the art of madness
Majnun was my disciple;
On thee Laila scattered jewelled ornaments
From the side of her camel-litter.

❀ 194 ❀

I proceeded to destroy all that was old
And antiquated in the spectacle;
I would set a new pattern
In the assembly of colour and fragrance.

In the ecstasy of the people of the monastery
There is no joy of vision;
I will bring Venus down from the sky
With the melody of my song.

By my lament
I'll make the beloved sad;
So slender she'll become that from her wrist
The ornaments will fall to the ground.

I want to pour a hell of madness
In the liver of the tumult,
And into the head of reason
Throw desire for enchantment.

I am that palm tree
Which instead of dates, bears parakeets;
I am that cloud
Which scatters pearls on the ground.

If I tell the heroes of the grief
Caused by my struggle against myself,
Their swords will tremble, and the lustre
Will be thrown off from the body of their blades.

The oppression that I suffered
At the hands of the faithful is such
That if I tell the idol-worshippers
I will throw pity into the heart of the infidels.

My weakness has bestowed
A special position for me in the Ka'ba;
Thou dost spread thy prayer-carpet,
And I throw down my bedding there.

So that the wine may be more bitter,
And my breast more sore,
I melt the flask
And pour it into the cup.

While sitting in the corner of the tavern
I discovered a short-cut to paradise;
I fill my goblet with wine from the pitcher
And throw it into Kauser.

I am the Mansur
Of the sect of Ali's devotees;
I therefore throw out this proclamation
That I am *Asadullah.
(*Lion of God, a title of Hazrat Ali).

If there is no live pearl
In this world like me,
I throw myself in the dust
Of the pathway of *Hyder. (*Hazrat Ali)

Ghalib, in the form
Of a loving eulogy to Ali,
I proceeded to destroy all that is old
And antiquated in the spectacle.

❀ 195 ❀

Since I have gone astray,
The highway twists and turns by itself;
The manner of my own deficiency
Has made the path still longer.

Who cares if the flaming candle drips ?
If the rose blossoms, what wage will it receive ?
I am the candle of the bedchamber
And the breeze of the morning.

The tyranny of the idols fascinates,
And I am absorbed in my own ill-wishing;
The advice of the people is like fire,
And I am the scar of my own well-wishing.

For the corner of the wilderness, I am
The cause of daily calamity,
And for the house of the beloved
I am an unexpected nuisance.

Fallen far from thy remembrance,
I am like a fish thrown out from the river;
My heart is no longer in my side—
I am a river from which the fish has been cast.

Her body is like pure silver,
A body that causes disturbing agitation;
What wages have I collected
For exhausting my soul ?

Thy passion should be strong enough
To sustain and lead thee;
Then there is no fear, if on the way
My luck fails to accompany me.

I am the renowned Ghalib;
Ask not my name and address;
I am Asadullah
And of *Asadullah a devotee. (*Hazrat Ali)

❀ 196 ❀

We have broken off the complaints on our lips
And have hidden the scars of our heart;
We are like the miserly rich
And have concealed our wealth within the treasury.

How can we give this as an excuse
For the lack of anxiety for lamentation—
That whatever breath we had, has been spent
In the melodious song of the times of ease.

O Ghalib, both good and bad are ordained
By destiny; We have been bold
In accomplishing the business of this world
With imprudence.

❀ 197 ❀

The essential nature of my thought
Required my heart to become blood;
I am the rouge on the cheeks
Of the beauty granted to me by God.

I still take a lesson in colour and fragrance
From the spring that's past;
In my afflicted life, I deceive my heart
Through grief for thee.

Because of thy tyranny, I deceive my heart
With promise of thy favour;
See my foolish simplicity, that in thy snare
I have become my own fowler.

❀ 198 ❀

Remember that time
When I enjoyed thy esteem !
Then I had fire-scattering sighs
And tear-shedding eyes.

What lustrous splendour did I expect
From that coquettish infidel ?
Even in union, in the rush of ardent desire,
What is it that I am still awaiting ?

When part of life has passed away,
Straight stature becomes bent;
This shows that my own self
Has on myself become a burden.

❀ 199 ❀

What do I care
For hell and Kausar, since I possess
An equal fire in my heart,
And similar liquid in my cup.

Last night they offered me
All that was in this world and the next;
I rejected all the many-coloured things,
And chose the heart.

O Ghalib, dost thou understand
How I have passed my life in this world ?
I, who had the nature of the nightingale
And the profession of the salamander.

❀ 200 ❀

What is this passionate agitation
That rages in my head for love of thee ?
I have the heart of the moth
And the dignity of the salamander.

Thou who hast displayed
All the colourful riches of the world before me,
Now proclaim it that from all these
I have chosen only the heart.

God bless the river Sohan
And the life-giving property of its water;
O Ghalib, I burst with laughter
At the aberration of Khizr and Alexander.

❀ 201 ❀

I have seen the commingling
Of the dew with the radiant sun;
Now my ardent desire should have the courage
To present its petition for her sight.

❀ 202 ❀

Her heart is in agreement
With the adversary; in my simplicity
We have called it as witness
To verify our claim.

Thine image never goes
From before our eyes;
Thou could'st say that we have caught it
In the snare of the threads of our glance.

In displaying our ardent love
We have derived no benefit;
Even at the time of union
We have engaged her in unnecessary complaints.

Make no mention of Ghalib
And his heavy grief;
We believe that a blade of grass
Has been resisting a mountain.



In no text did one find
The meaning of the word 'hope';
It is we who have written the lexicon
Of the epistles of desire.

There is a line on thy beauteous face
Drawn with the blood of the spectacle;
The draft copy of this unwritten page
Is illuminated by us.

We have moistened the tip
Of every thorn with our heart's blood;
We have written down the rules
For the gardening of the desert waste.

I am the unmasking of my own dishonour
On the Day of Judgement;
Under the veil of all the people
I am the spectator of myself.

There is neither the glorious display of coquetry
Nor the effulgent lightning of anger;
She is indifferent, and I—
I am but the scar of my own endurance.

With thy fragrance
My love speeds by in a steady manner;
In thy street I am the guest
Of my own slow-footedness.

O Ghalib, why dost thou complain
About the tyranny of hot breath ?
Ponder this, that I am the candle
Of the dark night of my own loneliness.

Not only the heart, but even my reason
Is lost in thy street;
Not only the sighing breath, but also its effect
Is trembling at thy disposition.

We saw that the wine
Could not produce the intoxication of secrets,
So we went and squeezed our liver
Into the cup.

We waited until beauty
Proclaimed itself unveiled;
We saw that even our glance
Had become a thread in the veil.

Let Alexander pine after the fountain
Of the limpid water of life;
For us are her red lips,
That are both wine and sugar.



When different colours were provided,
They had no other use
Except to decorate the arch
Of a forgotten paradise.

We have thrown the rose of sparks
Into the skirt of joy;
Now we laugh at the leisurely ease
Of the pleasure-seekers.

Wine drinkers are scarce and we are impatient,
Yet to whom is enjoyment free?
We have made our wine cheap,
Before it becomes old.

We are grateful for the company
Of the moth's restlessness,
Although we have practised lamentation
With the morning bird.

I am just fluttering my wings,
But am not anxious to be free;
I am a bird of yearning desire
That has fallen into the snare of expectancy.

The dealings of the wave are with the sea;
Expect no degree of self-possession from it.
I, too, am helpless
When it comes to breaking myself.

I am a ship without a master;
Don't ask about all my adventures !
Only by breaking myself.
Have I been thrown upon the seashore.

The liver is burnt-up, so how much longer
Can one give it the pain of dripping ?
O warm blood, become colour
So we can make thee drain away.

Both are mistaken in thinking to behold
Thy glory; in mercy unveil thy face,
So we may give good tidings of vision
To the moth and the particle of dust.

In the realm of nothingness
Our verdure is thirsty for the lightning of disaster;
We will describe its sprouting
In the path of the spring flood.

Following the tradition of Kohkan,
We have sent our lament
To impart to the liver of the stone
An ardent wish to be torn open.

Our way of resignation
Required our courtesy;
Under the curving arch of the sword
We bend our body.

Rise up, so we may breathe
The secret of our heart into the liver
Of the lute; and thus admire
Our own lament.

O Ghalib, in our pages
The picture of Zuhuri is displayed;
“We apply the antimony of wonderment
And then see with our eyes.”

❀ 209 ❀

It is proper that the heart
Should wax great through the boiling of weeping;
It was a drop, and I have made it
A shoreless ocean.

In reality the lament
Grows from the marrow of the soul;
As an excuse for restlessness
I have given it a tongue.

I continue to search
For the office of rose-gatherer;
In a state of drunkenness
I have made the Saqi the gardener.

So she may not find fault with me
For the drunkenness of yesterday,
While speaking with her
I have made a kiss the seal for her mouth.

❧ 210 ❧

I snatch a kiss, and then
Express my regrets;
Thus I introduce a few new inventions
Into the rules of etiquette.

May she be preserved from the evil eye !
I have been thinking to receive
Some favour from her; whatever the enemy does
I attribute to the friend.

I have witnessed the excellence
Of the rose-scattering of Divine Mercy;
So I scoff at the barrenness
Of mere acts of obedience.

❧ 211 ❧

The fire is kindled, and the people
Gape at it in amazement;
Allow me to demonstrate my skill
In this tumultuous commotion.

When, on the Day of Judgement, they will search
For the marks of prostration on the foreheads,
I shall be compelled to show the scars on my head
Caused by my madness for thee.

❀ 212 ❀

If again I want thy glance
To be intoxicated with coquetry,
I'll again ask the world to render account
For all the mischief done to me.

At the time of union, I would much prefer
To do without complaints;
At that time I want to have
A short tongue and a long arm.

Although my heart is distressed by circumstances,
The exhilaration of tipsiness remains;
I want a melody which cannot be contained
In the musical instrument.

No duality is left, and yet,
Strangely, I still complain;
I want the distinction between thee
And me to remain.

Come not outside for me,
I want to have sight of thee
Through the half-open door
At the corner of the terrace.

The world cares nothing
For my dust;
I want thy footsteps
To exalt its dignity.

It is enough that I die
In envy of the others' longing for thee;
I want that thou should'st do without
The display of thy coquetry.

❀ 213 ❀

Thou wilt not shun me
If I wear the garment of piety;
But I am a secret infidel
And keep idols up my sleeves.

If I have not called thee
My soul and my life,
I should be excused; it is because
I have full faith in my constancy to thee.

❀ 214 ❀

Come, so we may change
The laws of the heavens;
Let us alter the decree of destiny
By the circulation of the heavy goblet.

Let us enjoy the spectacle
With our eyes and heart;
With the humility of our heart and soul
Let us transform our loss.

We will sit in the corner
And open the door;
We will turn the guard into the street
And throw him on the footpath.

If there is any seizing and holding
By the officer of the police,—we care not;
If we receive a present from the king
We shall return it to him.

If the sage speaks the same language
As ours, we would not talk to him;
If Khalil is our guest,
We would ask him to go away.

We would dismiss the boon companion,
The minstrel and the saqi from the assembly,
And turnout the experienced lady
Who manages our affairs.

Sometimes, with a show of courtesy
We will mingle our speech with grace,
And sometimes while snatching a kiss
We would turn our tongue in the mouth.

With the ardour of our breast
We will stop the breath of morning;
We will safeguard the world from the affliction
Of the heat of the day.

We will clash with those
Who collect tribute from the grove;
We will drive them with empty baskets
From the door of the garden.

The birds that come out of their nests
In the morning, and flutter their wings,
We will drive them peacefully from the grove
And back to their nests.

I and thou are both
The devotees of *Hyder; (*Hazrat Ali)
There would be nothing strange
If we turn the sun back towards the east.

Ghalib does not believe
That he will ever have union with thee;
But come, so we may change
The laws of the heavens.

❁ 215 ❁

Wisdom and treasure
Thou dost think are the same;
God has bestowed on us secretly
That which we had desired to receive openly.

According to each one's wishes
They have made straight the course of action;
Drunkenness and disgrace
We had desired for ourselves.

We spread out the snare from which
The bird¹ of good-omen went and came again;
Again we thought about it
And instead desired the non-existent² phoenix.

Even from desire,
They wished to annihilate desire,
We wanted an excuse,
For out-of-place desires.

There was no way for us
To destroy our longings;
Yet we desired that Ghalib
Should have high aspirations.



So that, in the obscurity of grief,
The lament should not lose the way to the lips,
Our soul is the lamp
Which we have lit upon its pathway.

We cannot gauge how far we will succeed
In finding a place in the heart of the friend;
Thou should'st only observe
That we are sighs, and also have effect.

We have verified that Ghalib
Was a veil that came between;
But would-to-God that we had known
From whose face we had removed it.

1. Huma
2. Anqa

When draining the cup, why dost thou ask me
What I want from thy lips? Only this,
That I should kiss thee, and when thou art tipsy,
Suck thy sweet lips also.

What would happen if her veil were lifted?
Who would find consolation?
The glance itself would then become
A veil on the face of the friend.

Give me permission
To be among thy wayside beggars;
I no longer have feet that can cover
The stages of the journey

For my straw, the heat of a spark is enough
To brighten up the face; I have no need
To be obliged to the radiant manifestation
Of an adorer of the flower-garden.

To show her affection
She asks the cause of my ecstasy;
Through fear, and as an excuse
I wallow in blood, and forget my speech.

In my imagination, I kiss her lips;
When she commits a fresh cruelty,
Because of her simplicity I don't consider
Her tormenting to be without a cause.

Every drop of blood shed by my eyelashes
Falls back into my heart again;
In grief for the friend I don't consider
That I am a loser.

I am a wound of the liver,
And I scorn the stitches and the ointment;
I am a wave of the pearl
But I know nothing of movement and motion.

I am the ready-money of intellect,
I don't require the royal stamp;
I am a commodity of skill, and yet
I know nothing of the heat of the bazaar.

❀ 220 ❀

In the adequacy of my endeavours
Tie knots, incessantly;
In the flow of my affairs
Make mischievous disasters swim.

In spite of all this digging in the heart,
No gem has come to hand;
The service has been specified,
Now fix the wages; also

❀ 221 ❀

I envy that thirsty and lonely traveller
Who plods relentlessly through the valley,
Not those ones that are satisfied
With their Ka'ba and their Zam-Zam.

Leave aside those heart-sore ones, whose real
condition

Thou dost not know, but be careful;
Thou knowest that they are weary and sick
Yet thou dost feel no sorrow for them.

Although the afflicted Ghalib
Is not worthy to be reckoned with,
Yet in the assembly of poesy
He is their friend and boon companion.

❀ 222 ❀

I am drunk with madness,
Thou can't kill me now, in the spring season;
With flask in hand, and rose in my lap,
Now thou can't kill me.

It is the indifference of the friend
That keeps me alive; else in her assembly
For the crime of weeping uncontrollably,
Thou can't kill me.

❀ 223 ❀

When in fire they burn,
Thorns and straw become fire;
I died in the overwhelming desire for thy lips,
And shall become spirit.

I have been so absorbed by thy indifference,
That I can no longer endure thy attention;
If thou dost give me place in thine eyes,
I shall become there heavy sleep.

I am dissolved by the shame of constancy,
And my feet are stuck in the mire
Of entanglement, so that thou should'st not think
That I can ever flee away from thy lane.

For myself—I am of much weight,
And full of longing for thee;
How long shall I consume myself
By melting in the fire of the trial ?

Since the contemplation
Of delicate reflections does consume me,
For the beloved of my thought
I have become the hair-thin waist.

❀ 224 ❀

From ease of heart,
I have no other purpose
But to be able to draw
A few afflicted breaths.

I'll tell thee the utility
Of Ghalib's eloquence;
It is the liver-blood which he draws
From the vein of speech.

❀ 225 ❀

Why should my speech be envied ?
It is not the honey of passion,
But the bitter water
From the boiling scum of the melted breath.

O lament, do not cast the liver
Into the meshes of the snare;
It is the capital accumulated
For decorating the crack in the cage.

I'll lay my lips on the lips
Of the heart-ravisher, and then
Give up my life; this is the way
To unite a hundred supplications.

❀ 226 ❀

Do not question me about the careless
Sauntering manner of the profligate;
I only know this much
That it is difficult to live at ease.

Eternal pleasure is found
In abandoning all dealings with other men;
Like Khizr, one should live
Hidden from the eyes of people.

❀ 227 ❀

What is the freshness of ardent longing ?
To scatter the colour of joy,
And by the pure blood from the eyes, to make the
face
The envy of the garden of paradise.

Despite being broken, one must hold fast
To the ambition for wholeness;
In spite of all the heart-sores
One must be able to endure cruelty.

One should live, fluttering the wings
In the meshes of disaster's snare;
And even with the coiled tresses
Be prepared to pick a quarrel.



In the embrace of my love thou dost open up
The wrinkles on thy forehead;
But I open the door of my heart
On the face of both the worlds.

I should feel ashamed of the grief
Caused by thee, but even this would be impudence;
By draining the colour of the face,
The door of paradise is opened.

My breath has been melted by my ardent love for
thee,
Yet it would be unjust to think
That it became blood through the heat of sighs
And not through guarding the secret.

The flower-bed has dissolved,
Squeezed by envy of thy assembly;
Yet not so much that no difference remains
Between rose and wine.

The face of the rose, with rouge adorned,
Lays down the rules for sight;
The straw cannot complain that the flower-bed
Is decked in an embroidered dress.

O rose, before her, what other present
Can'st thou offer ?
Only this—hold forth thy palm
And beg from her.

Thou should'st be at ease,
Since we, in this distress,
Have a complaint which can be levelled
Only against ourselves.

Thy graceful strolling
On the lawn of the flower-garden,
Is a favour of which
The dervish is more deserving.

I have sewn up my lips,
That they may utter no more complaints;
She thought that I was carefree; and she did not see
The value of understanding hidden enquiries.

From whose difficulty-loving heart
Comes this coquetry ?
It kills for the crime of drawing
A distinction between pain and remedy.

O Ghalib, a man's speech
Is in accordance with his ambition;
From their words the pulse
Of friends can be recognised.

What can I say
In gratitude to my helplessness ?
How good are the unkind ones
When they offer friendship.

Thou hast a rose
Pinned to the edge of thy turban;
I offer greetings
To the good fortune of the gardeners.

It has pierced the heart
But has not quit the heart again—
That arrow of coquetry
Shot from those powerful bows.

They will be intoxicated
With the eloquent speech in the verses of my Divan;
This wine will become old
Through scarcity of customers.

In eternity without beginning,
My star has reached the zenith of acceptance;
But in this world, the renown
Of my verses will be after me.

The blind eyes will hold up
The mirror of pretention;
The paralysed hand will be
The comber of the tresses of poesy.

The sweetheart of the significance of subject matter,
Who is now a citizen of soul and heart,
Will become an uncouth vagabond
In the domain of palate and taste.

Even the radiance of life's candle
Will be bitten off by dark gloom,
And the carpet of the intoxicated assembly
Will be full of creases.

Over the face of man's cooperation
A veil will fall;
The privacy of Christian and Musalman
Will turn into a crowd.

Ghalib, in the depth of every word
I have set a tavern;
They will be intoxicated
With the eloquent speech in the verses of my divan.



So that through this rudeness
Thy anger may be increased,
Our complaint is an instrument from which
The melody for invoking prayer is aroused.

Thy helpless ones will not give up
Their claim to anguish;
Let that instrument of fidelity be broken
From which sound is aroused.

The scent of black tresses
Exciting the sense of smell—
It is from this that the ecstasy
Of the gentle breeze is aroused.

A kiss given on request
Gives no delight;
Like a reply from which
A manner of bashfulness is aroused.

❀ 234 ❀

Last night there were no roses
On thy bed and on thy pillow,
Then where is the rose-leaf
That has pricked thy delicate body ?

Thou dost say, "When thou dost leave my street,
Thy heart will be torn"
But where is that heart which finds
No comfort except in laments ?

❀ 235 ❀

I became puffed up with pride
In the confinement of thy snare;
But people think I am straitened,
In thy prison.

Thou did'st not wish me to be free,
And now I fear that through this joy
I am so swollen that I can no more
Be contained within thy prison.

What hast thou seen in us,
That the melting heart,
Like sugar in water, has become
A delicious drink for thee ?

O Ka'ba, this idol
That has toppled from thy high arch,
Like me has fallen,
From the heart of the friend.



In the award of dominion there is no room
For bungling; be ashamed of thy useless endeavours!
If thou can'st not be an infidel,
Then thou can'st not help but be a Musalman.

By flowing frivolously
One cannot become an ocean;
If thou art a stream, go to the flower garden,
And if a torrential flood, then to the desert waste.

The house with possessions is good,
And good, also, is its luminous splendour;
Make the Ka'ba thy home,
And be a guest in the idol-temple.

To produce the voice of meaning,
Strike on the musical instrument of the school;
And for the tumult of formal appearance,
Be part of a children's game.

For a tale of joy, with one stroke
Draw a line of falsehood;
For a letter of condolence,
Be the decoration of its title.

If thou art the wheel of heaven,
Acquit thyself of the duty of giving orders;
If a polo-ball of the earth
Then be consecrated to the curve of the polo-stick.

The anguish of love has brought me
To devoted servitude of God;
O brand of love, penetrate the heart
Yet be apparent on the forehead.

In the fetters of endurance,
With liver gnawed away, I died;
O aspirations have constraint—
O grief be magnified !

Ghalib has given his life to affliction;
To please his soul thou should'st drink wine
In the assembly of mourning, and while wailing,
Be a reciter of his Ghazals.

❀ 237 ❀

I am proud of the tumult of my demented love
That has made the rent in the veil
Of the rose's heart, and caused
The dropping of its head on the skirt.

In the assembly of thy union
Everywhere, like lancets,
Fragments of the broken wine-flask
Have pierced the jugular vein.

The surging tumult of tears
Is pressing the roots of my eyelashes,
Taunting the mean destitution
Of the flood's resources.

Alas, that lament
Failed to produce an effect
Before night-fall, since it was in league
With the songs of the morning bird.



I have a heart
With grief overburdened;
With the blister of this grief
It has been bloated.

I wish that now with my complaints
And calumny she might be tamed;
Vainly have I praised her with my tongue
In many colourful ways.

In my simplicity
I disputed with my friends
About the friendship
Of this inexperienced one.

Look at my shame,
When they could find nothing
In my good deeds except a well-kept fast,
Broken with red wine.

Come into the assembly of Ghalib !
Be prepared for his poetry and speech
If thou dost wish to hear
Discourses never heard before.



Seven hells are hidden
In the nature of remorse,
This is the revenge
Which thou hast approved for the guilty.

A hundred joys for those
To whom thou hast shown thy face today !
And glad tidings to those whom thou hast kept
Absorbed in longing for tomorrow.

By secret enquiries, thou hast ravished
The heart of the wearied ones;
Thou hast openly offered blandishments
To those who are hale and hearty.

Thou hast acquainted the particle of dust
With a hundred desert wastes,
And hast befriended the drop of water
With seven oceans.

A river of tears wells up in them;
Indeed the eyes are in search of thee;
Flames burn fiercely in the breasts
Where, perhaps, thou hast found a place.

One night think that the splendid vision
Shares the same essence as the worldly spectacle;
Thou dost enjoy the sight of thyself
Under the veil of creation.

The eyes weep, the tongue laments,
And the heart is in tumult;
Thou hast fully opened all the knots
In the affairs of Ghalib.

❀ 240 ❀

Ardent love has still to settle scores
With that self-adorning beauty;
I and a hundred fragments of my heart
Are arranged for battle with the eyelashes.

In its manifestation of glory,
Beauty is not obliged to anyone;
Every rose in itself
Is a blazing skirt.

❀ 241 ❀

If I have not sung melodious songs,
Why worry ?
Since I am not, if I do not exist,
Why worry ?

If the hearts of friends
Can be carried away with a jest,
If I have taken them with eloquent speech,
Why worry ?

If I have become intoxicated
With my own speech, and in a state
Of drunkenness I have admired it,
Why worry ?

Alas for Jesus! If he had not gone
So far away, I would have shown him
The miracle of my breath,
But—why worry ?

Alas for David, that he did not live
At this time, else I would have put my lament
On trial with his melody,
But—why worry ?



Joy of the heart
Opens the veil of efficacy;
I am happy that I can derive
So much pleasure from grief over thee.

In thy reign, at the time of beholding,
The rose feels ashamed;
The spectacle and the rose
Are both drowned in limpid blood.

If through helplessness
 The sigh becomes blood, to me it resembles
 That which in madness
 Arises from the afflicted heart.

Sorrow can only take from us
 That which we already possess —
 The breast in its anguish,
 And the heart in fretting torment.

Proclaim thy madness! Give a slap
 To the nape of the neck of reason;
 Out of cowardice thou hast given
 A ceremonial scarf to the turban.

O Ghalib, I wish that the idol of Kashi
 Would accept me. I would say to her,
 "I am thy slave", and with coquetry
 She would reply "Very well".

From the array of a hundred thousand hours,
 I don't want even one;
 From among all the fair ones of the world,
 I want only one.

The clue of His unity
 Is found in His diversity;
 To all the countless numbers
 The common figure is one.

What can I tell thee about the heart
And soul which are out spread
In my existence? One is oppressed
And desperate is the other one.

In this handful of dust they have concealed
The lightning of two mischievous disasters;
One is the calamity of predestination,
And the anguish of free will is the other one.

Ghalib, I cannot leave
The state of Delhi;
In this land, among the humble
Dust-sitters, I am one.



The soul is a spring and flower-garden,
But it is dust before thee;
The body is a handful of dust,
But in thy street it has become soul.

O Saqi, I know that out of generosity
Thou art scattering gold;
Give me a more weighty goblet
When the wine is precious.

Even her glorious manifestation
Is only a sight for the eyes;
Even the delight in her torments
Is like the soul in the breast.

One whose coquetry
Has the manners of an infidel
Has robbed my heart of strength;
One of high stature, with a short tunic.

Slow to take and hold,
Indifferent in her favours;
But a quick winner in the game
Of praising the lover.

Like sudden death,
Exceedingly bitter;
And like sweet life,
Of little constancy.

In conceding requests,
Like the miserly rich;
In ravishing hearts,
An importunate beggar.

With curling ringlets,
Wearing a musk-coloured veil;
With the dazzling radiance of her body,
Wearing a golden mantle.

When receiving supplications,
Like Laila, scornfully rejecting;
And in spite of Ghalib,
Praising Majnun.

Despite the quarrel with the heart,
The place that thou did'st hold in it, thou still dost
hold;

In the count of the promises of constancy—
What thou did'st have, thou still dost have.

It is not possible to tell
Thy reproaches from thy kindness;
The wisdom-deceiving coquetry
That thou did'st have, thou still dost have.

I swear by thy head that I am ruined
By last night's wine;
The grace of those tottering feet
That thou did'st have, thou still dost have.

O Ghalib, if worldly folk
Have turned against thee,
Why should'st thou fear? Before this
Thou did'st have God, and still dost have.

With half a blandishment
Thou dost lay the foundation of a new world;
Thou wilt spread out the earth
And cause the sky to turn.

One languishing glance that thou dost cast
Upon the autumn rose-bush,
Will turn the spring
From the door of the flower-garden.

If thou wilt manifest
Thy splendour, thou wilt turn away
From the soul the calamity
Of the darkness of death.

When thou wilt remember me,
Thou wilt be filled with admiration
At my constancy; thou wilt upbraid thyself
And turn thy tongue in reproach.



In our part of the world, the efforts
Of the breeze are not in vain;
O fragrance of the rose,
Whose message of desire art thou ?

I am grieved on account of thee, who art
The flower garden and the spring;
With thy amorous glance thou hast slain me.
For whom art thou messiah ?

In early spring; whose are all these
Riches of blandishment ?
The list of the workshop
Of those plundering art thou ?

In each image thou hast seen
Nothing but goodness;
O eye, in contemplation of whose fair face
Art thou absorbed ?

O grief be happy!
 Thou hast freed me from the fear of death;
 If there was any difficulty, it has been used
 In the service of life.

I asked the understanding
 "What is death, after this life?"
 It said "It is a heavy sleep
 After wakefulness".

Between my heart and thine
 There is wide difference;
 Thou art excusable, therefore, if immediately
 Thou dost not understand my speech.

In our religion thou wilt not find
 Longing for paradise;
 In our society thou wilt not see
 A lucky star.

Thou wilt not see the dregs
 In the wine of our thought;
 In the fire of our agitation
 Thou wilt find no smoke.

Thou hast no longer that modesty
 That thou did'st have while wearing the veil,
 So thou wilt no longer find ardent passion
 To tear the veil.

The ocean with its bubbles
Displays the blistered feet of the quest for thee;
O rare gem, light of the eyes,
Where art thou ?

Our hovel is not worthy of the dew
And the rose's fragrance;
O violent wind, where hast thou gone ?
And O torrential flood, where art thou ?

There is no salt taste of tears
In my sighs;
O light of the unsleeping eyes,
Where art thou ?

There is agitation caused by the notes
Drawn from the string of my breath;
O movement of the invisible plectrum,
Where art thou ?

Discerning is he who deploys his heart
That it may be captured;
He sees in the heart of stone
The dance of the idols of Azar.

O Thou without whom no particle of dust
Can fulfil itself,
In quest for Thee it takes the desert itself
For its guide.

Why are the angels envious
When they cannot find their way to Thee ?
In longing for thee, foolishly they fly
In a light-headed manner.

What misfortune that I restlessly
Wallow in blood, when it is said
That Thou dost count the tears dropping from the
 eyes,
And see each sigh produced in the breast.

From the melting of my heart, O Ghalib,
Thou wilt see a flood of fire in my liver,
If at the time of inspiration thou dost find
The way to the depth of my being.

❀ 254 ❀

I do not speak of the enemy
And the unpalatable sorrow caused by him;
It is from the friend I have received
The scars of unjust oppressions.

How can I embrace thee
Tightly enough to my bosom ?
I have complained to thee before
About thy close fitting tunic.

❀ 255 ❀

The rush of the rose's splendour
Is the dust of my caravan;
The rising drunkenness of wine
Is the sun of my east.

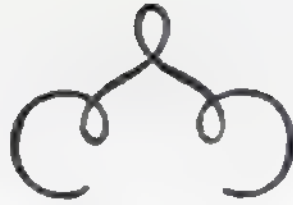
My laments share the rein with the sound
Of the trumpet on the Day of Judgement;
My speech shares the stirrup with the circulation
Of the tumultuous noise of the storm.

Thou dost seek my heart,
But I die from envy, as to why
In intoxication, from the corner of thy brow
The beckoning gesture is successful.

O Saqi, my throat is parched
And my soul and heart are frozen;
Give me that pleasant wine
Which is both fire and water.

I do not call thee tyrant,
But since thou hast taken possession of my heart,
It has become forever desolate
As is the tyrant's house.

Part Two



PERSIAN TEXT OF

Ghazals

فارسی غزلیت غالب

انتخاب

فارسی غزلیتِ غالب
یوسف حسین

غالب نام آورم نام و نشانم میسر
ہم اسد اللہم و ہم اسد اللہیم

انتخاب غزلیات

سر دیف الف

①

ای بخلا و ملا خوی تو هنگامه ز
با همه در گفتگو، بی همه با ما جرا
شاهد حسن ترا، در روش دلبری
طره پر خم صفات موی میان ما سوا
نبختیان ترا قافله بی آب و نان
نعمتیان ترا مائده بی اشتها
کم مشرگ ریه ام زان که بعلم ازل
بوده درین جوی آب گردش هفت آتیا
ساده ز علم و عمل مهر تو ورزیده ایم
مستی ما پایدار باد و مانا شتا

خُلد بغالب سپار زانکه بدان روضه در
نیک بود عندلیب خاصه نو آیین نو

(۲)

خاموشی ماگشت بد آموزبتان را
زین پیش وگرنه اثری بود فغان را
منت کش تاثير و فایم که آحضر
این شیوه عیان ساخت عیار دگران را
در طبع بهار این همه آشفتنگی از چیست
گوینی که دل از بیم تو خون گشته خزان را
طاقت نتوانست بهنگامه طسوف شد
دادیم بدست غمت از ناله عنان را
جستیم سراج چمن حنلد بمستی
در گرد خرام تو ره افتاد گمان را
امی خاک درت قبله جان و دلی غالب
کز فیض تو پیرایه هستی است جهان را



حال ما از غیر می پرسی و منت می بریم
 آگهی باری که آگه نیستی از حال ما
 عیش و غم در دل نمی است خوشا آزادگی
 باده و خونا به یکسانست در غربال ما
 جان غالب تاب گفتاری گمان داری هنوز
 سخت بیدردی که میپرسی ز ما احوال ما

گر بیایی مست ناگاه از در گلزار ما
 گل ز بالیدن رسد تا گوشه دشتار ما
 گوشه گیرانیم و محو پاس ناموس خودیم
 آبروی ما گداز جوهر رفتار ما
 میفراید در سخن رنجی که بر دل میرسد
 طوطی آئینه ما می شود زنگار ما
 از گداز یک جهان هستی صبحی کرده ایم
 آفتاب صبح محشر ساغر سرشار ما
 سر گرانیم از وفا و شرمساریم از جفا
 آه از ناکامی سعی تو در آزار ما

مکن ناز و ادا چندین دلیستان و جانی هم
 دماغ نازک من بر نمی تابد تفتاضا را
 سراب آتش از افسردگی چون شمع تصویرم
 فریب عشق بازی میدهم اهل تماشا را
 خطی بر هستی عالم کشیدیم از مرز بستان
 ز خود رفتیم و هم با خویشتن بردیم دنیا را
 نمی رنجد که در دام تغافل می تپد صیدش
 نمی دانم چه پیش آمد نگاه بی محابا را
 ازین بیگانگی ها می تراود آشناییها
 حیا می ورزد و در پرده رسوا می کند ما را
 حذر از زهر پر سینه آسودگان غالب
 چه منتها که بر دل نیست جان ناشکیبا را

سرشتم را بیا لودند تا سازند از لایش
 پر پروانه و منقار مرغ . پوستانی را
 فدایت دیده و دل رسم آرایش پیرس ازین
 خراب ذوق کلچینی چه داند باغبانی را

نشاط لذت آزار را نازم که در مستی
هلاک فتنه دارد ذوق مرگ ناگهانی را

(۷)

دقف تاراج غم تست چه پیدا چه نهان
همچو رنگ از رخ ماریفت دل از سینه ما
چه تماشا است ز خود رفته خویشست بودن
صورت ما شده عکس تو در آئینه ما
غالب امشب همه از دیده چکیدن دارد
خون دل بود مگر باده دوشینه ما

(۸)

دل خود از تست و هم از ذوق خریداری تست
این همه بحث که در سود و زیانست مرا
جویی از باده و جویی ز غسل دارد خلد
لب لعل تو هم این است و هم آنست مرا
چون پری زاده که در شیشه فردوش آزند
رومی خوبت بدل از دیده نهانست مرا

خارها از اثر گرمی رفتارم سوخت
منتی برو قدم راهروانست مرا
رهرو تفتت در رفته به آیم غالب
توشه بر لب جو مانده نشانست مرا

۹

آشنایانه کشد خار رهت دامن ما
گویی این بود ازین پیش به پیراهن ما
بی تو چون باده که در شیشه هم از شیشه جدا
نبود آمیزش جان، در تن ما با تن ما
سایه و چشمه بصر آدم عیشی دارد
اگر اندیشه منزل نشود رهزن ما
می پردمور، مگر جان بسلاست ببرد
تا چه بر قست که شد نامزد خرمن ما
دعوی عشق ز مایکست که باور نکند
می جهد خون دل ما ز رگ گردن ما
سخن ما ز لطافت نپذیرد تحسیر
نشود گردنمایان ز رم تو سن ما

طوطیان را نبود هرزه جگر گون منقار
خورده خون جگر از رشک سخن گفتن ما
مانبودیم بدین مرتبه راضی غالب
شعر خود خواہش آن کرد که گردد دفن ما

(۱۰)

نقشی ز خود بر اہل گذر بسته ایم ما
بر دوست راه ذوق نظر بسته ایم ما
بر روی حاسدان در دوزخ کثوده رشک
از بہر خویش جنت در بسته ایم ما
سوز ترا روان ہمہ در خویشتن گرفت
از داغ تہمتی بہ جگر بسته ایم ما
گویی وفا ندارد اثر ہم بہ سا گرای
زین سادگی کہ دل با اثر بسته ایم ما
ہر جاست نالہ ہمت ما حق گزار دوست
جرزی بہال مرغ سحر بسته ایم ما



در گرد غربت آینه دار خودیم ما
 یعنی ز بیکسان دیار خودیم ما
 دیگر ز ساز نیخودی ما صدا مجوسی
 آوازی از گستن تار خودیم ما
 از بسکه خاطر هوس گل عزیز بود
 خون گشته ایم و باغ و بهار خودیم ما
 ما جمله وقف خویش و دل ما ز ما پرست
 گویی بهجوم حسرت کار خودیم ما
 از جوش قطره بهجو سرشک آب گشته ایم
 اما همان بحیب و کنار خودیم ما
 مشت غبار ماست پراگنده سولبتو
 یارب بدهر در چه شمار خودیم ما
 با چون تویی معامله بر خویش منت ست
 از شکوه تو شکر گزار خودیم ما
 در کار ماست ناله و مادر هوای او
 پروانه چیراغ مزار خودیم ما
 خاک وجود ماست بخون جگر خمیر
 رنگینی قماشش غبار خودیم ما

هر کس خبر ز حوصله خویش میدهد
 بدستی حریف و خمار خودیم ما
 تار نگاه پیرو ما سلک گوهرست
 رفتار پای آبله دار خودیم ما
 غالب چو شخص و عکس در آینه خیال
 باخوشتن یکی و دو چار خودیم ما

۱۲

چه خوش باشد دو شاهد را به بحث ناز پیچیدن
 نگه در نکته زایهها نفس در سرمه سایهها
 سخن کوتاه مرا هم دل به تقوی ماکلت اما
 ز رنگ زاهد افتادم بکافر ماجرایهها
 نزد خشم گر بصورت از گدایان بوده ام غالب
 بدار الملک معنی می کنم فرمان رویهها

۱۳

کاشانه گشت ویران ویرانه دلکشتر
 دیوار و در نسا زد زندانیان غم را

زاهد مناز چندین زتارم از گسستی
از جبهه ام ندزد کس سجده صنم را
اشکی نماند باقی از فرط گریه غالب
سیلی رسید و گویی از دیده شست نم را

(۱۴)

بحرف ذوق نگه، می توان ربود مرا
بوهم تاب کمر، می توان فریفت مرا
ز درد دل که با فسانه در میان آید
به نیم جنبش سر می توان فریفت مرا
من و فریفتگی، هرگز آن محال اندیش
چرا فریفت اگر می توان فریفت مرا
شب فراق ندارد سحر ولی یک چند
به گفتگوی سحر می توان فریفت مرا
نشان دوست ندانم جز اینکه پرده دراست
ز در بر وزن در می توان فریفت مرا
سرشت من بود این ورنه آن نیم غالب
که از وفا باثر می توان فریفت مرا

هلاک شیوه تمکین خواهستان را
 غنا گسته تراز باد نوبهار بیا
 ز ما گستی و با دیگران گرو بستی
 بیا که عهد وفایت استوار بیا
 وداع و وصل جدا گانه لذتی دارد
 هزار بار برو، صد هزار بار بیا
 فریب خورده نازم چنانی خواهم
 یکی به پیشش جان امیدوار بیا
 زخوی تست نهاد شکیب نازکتر
 بیا که دست و دلم میرو زکار بیا
 رواج صومعه مستی است زینهار مرو
 متاع میکرده مستی است هوشار بیا
 حصار عافیتی گر هوس کنی غالب
 چو ما بخلفت زندان خاکسار بیا

آن میم باید که چون ریزم بجام
 زور می در گردش آرد جام را

بیگنا هم پیر دیر از من مرنج
 من بمستی بسته ام احرام را
 تا نیفتد هر که تن پرور بود
 خوش بود گر دانه نبود دام را
 بسکه ایمانم بغیب است استوار
 از دهان دوست خواهم کام را
 زحمت عام است دائم خاص را
 عشرتی خاص است هر دم عام را
 دلتان در خشم غالب بوسه بجوی
 شوق نشناسد همی هنگام را

ساز و قدح و نغمه و صها هم آتش
 یابی ز سمندر ره بزم طربم را
 از لذت بیداد تو فارغ نتوان زیت
 دریاب عیار گله بیسببم را
 ساقی بنمی کز قدح باده چکانی
 بر خلد بخندان لب کوثر طلبم را

بر نیایم بر روی نهاسای طبع خویشتن
 موج آب گوهر من کرده طوفانی مرا
 خویش را چون موج گوهر گرچه گرد آورده ام
 دل پُر است از ذوق انداز پُر افشانی مرا
 تشنه لب بر ساحل دریا ز غیرت جان دهم
 گر بموج افتد گمان چمن پیشانی مرا

از دهم قطر گیت که در خود گسیم ما
 اما چو وارسیم همان قلزمیم ما
 پنهان به عالمیم ز بس عین عالمیم
 چون قطره در روانی دریا گسیم ما

خوشا جانی که اندوهی فرو گیرد سراپایش
 ز نو میدی توان پرسید لطف انتظار ما
 چو بوی گل جنون تا زیم از مستی چه می پرسی
 گستن دارد از صد جاعنان اختیار ما

فروزد هر قدر رنگ گل افزاید تب و تابش
 کباب آتش خویش ست، پنداری بهار ما
 حریفان شورش عشق ترا بی پرده دیدندی
 بدامان گرنه گشتی موسم گل پرده دار ما
 خوشا آوارگی گرد در نور و شوق بر بستد
 بتار دامن شیرازۀ مشت غبار ما
 نهال شمع را بالیدن از کاهیدنت اینجا
 گداز جوهر هستی ست غالب آبیار ما

۲۱

بپایان محبت یادمی آرم زمانی را
 که دل عهد وفا نابسته دادم دلتانی را
 ندارم تاب ضبط رازومی ترسم ز رسوایی
 مگر جویم ز بهر همزبانی، بیزبانی را
 کمال درد دل اصلست در ترکیب انسانی
 بخون آغشته اند اندر بن هر موی جانی را



پرورده نازیم برحمت کده عجز
 برپای تو باشد سرافراخته ما
 حیرانی ما آینه شهرت یارست
 شد جاده بگویش نفس باخته ما
 هر جاده که از نقش پی تست بگلشن
 چاکست بجیب هوس انداخته ما

حیرت زده جلوه نیرنگ خیالم
 آینه مدارید به پیش نفس ما
 درد هر فرو رفته لذت نتوان بود
 برقند نه برشهد نشیند مگس ما
 طول سفر شوق چه پرسی که درین راه
 چون گرد فرو ریخت صدا از جرس ما

شکست رنگ تار سوا نسا زد بیقراران را
 جگرخونست از بیم نگاهت رازداران را

نگشت از سجده حق جبهه ز تهاد نورانی
 چنان کافروخت تاب باده روی باده خواران را
 دریغ آگاهی کافردگی گردد سرو بر گش
 زمستی بهره جز غفلت نباشد هوشیاران را
 برنجم غالب از ذوق سخن خوش بودی اربودی
 مرا لختی شکیب و پاره انصاف یاران را

۲۵

ندانم تا چه برق فتنه خواهد ریخت بر هوشم
 تصور کرده ام بگستن بند نقابش را
 ز تاب تشنگی جان را نوید آبرو بخشم
 کمند جذبۀ دریا شناسم موج آبش را
 سوار تو سن نازست و بر خاکم گذر دارد
 ببال ای آرزو چند آنکه دریایی رکابش را
 خیالش صید دام تیغ و تاب شوق بود اما
 من از مستی غلط کردم بشوخی اضطرابش را



چو غنچه جوش صفای تنش ز بالیدن
دریده برتن نازک قبا می تنگش را
کشیده ایم بدیوانگی ز شوخی دوست
بگونه گونه ادا ناز رنگ رنگش را

ماز عاشق از شکست رنگ رسوا می شود
با وجود سخت جانها تنک رویم ما
آفتاب عالم سرشتگیهای خودیم
تا بزا نو سوده پای می ما و می پویم ما
ز حمت احباب نتوان داد غالب بیش ازین
هر چه میگویم بهر خویش می گویم ما

سوزد ز بسکه تاب جمالش نقاب را
دانم که در میان نپسندد حجاب را
نازم فروغ باده ز عکس جمال دوست
گویی فشرده اند بهجام آفتاب را

سوزد زگر میش می و او، پچنان بهلو
ریزد ز آبگینه بساغر شراب ما

۲۹

نوید التفات شوق دادم از بلا جان را
کمند جذب طوفان شمر دم موج طوفان را
تکلف بر طرف، لب تشنه لبوس و کنار ستم
ز راهم باز چین دادم نواز شهباسی پنهان را
چمن سامان بتی دارم که دارد وقت گلچیدن
خرامی کز ادای خویش پر گل کرده دامان را
چه دود دل، چه موج رنگ در هر پرده از مستی
خیالم شانه باشد طره خواب پریشان را

۳۰

بخلوت مرده نزدیکی یار است پهلورا
فریب امتحان پاکبازی داده ام اورا
جهان از باد و شاهد بدان ماند که پنداری
بدنیا از پس آدم فرستادند مینورا

نشان دورست غالب درخن این شیوه بس نبود
بدین زورین کمان می آزمایم دست و بازو را

۳۱

بادۀ مشکبوی ما بید و کنار کشت ما
کوثر و سلسبیل ما طوبی ما بهشت ما
حسرت وصل از چه رو چون بخیال سرخوشیم
ابر اگر بایستد بر لب جو ست کشت ما
بیخطر از خودی بر آلب به انا الضم کشتا
شیوه گیر و دار نیست در کنش کشت ما
باده اگر بود حرام، بذله خلاف شرع نیست
دل تنهی بخوب ما، طعنه مزین بزشت ما

۳۲

مشتاق عرض جلوه خویش ست حسن دوست
از قرب مرزده ده نگه نارسای را
وا ماندگیت پی سپر وادی خیال
شوق تو جاده کرد رگ خواب پای را

سرمنزل رسایی اندیشه خودیم
 در ماگست جلوه بی رهنمای را
 غالب بریدم از همه خواهی که زین سپس
 کبخی گزینم و بپرستم خدای را

(۳۳)

با اضطراب دل زهر اندیشه فارغم
 آسایشیست جنبش این گاهواره را
 چون شعله هم ز روی تو پیدا است خوی تو
 تا کی بتاب باده فریبی نظاره را
 شمع از فروغ چهره ساقی در انجمن
 چون گل بسرزدست ز مستی نظاره را

(۳۴)

آبی از بزم رقیب و سر راهت میرم
 تا ربایم دل از ناز پشیمان ترا
 هر حاجتی که دهد روی بهنگامه شوق
 پرده ساز بود زمزمه سنجان ترا

قضا در کارها اندازه هر کس نگهدارد
 بقطع وادی عنتم می گمارد تیز گامان را
 ز هستی پاک شوگر مرد را هی کاندین وادی
 گر اینهاست، رخت رهرو آلوده دامان را
 جهان را خاصی و عامی ست آن مغرور و این عاجز
 بیا غالب، ز خاصان بگذر و بگذار عامان را

سردیغ ب

خیز و بپراهم روی را سر را هی دریاب
 شورشش افزا ننگ حوصله گاهی دریاب
 عالم آینه راز است، چه پیدا چه نهان
 تاب اندیشه نداری، بنگاهی دریاب
 گر بمعنی نرسی، جلوه صورت چه کمست
 خم زلف و شکن طرف کلاهی دریاب
 غم افسردگیم سوخت کجایی ای شوق
 نفسم را به پرافشانی آهی دریاب

تا چها آینه حسرت دیدار تو ایم
 جلوه بر خود کن و ما را بنگاه‌ی دریاب
 داغ ناکامی حسرت بود آینه وصل
 شب روشن طلبی روز سیاه‌ی دریاب
 فرصت از کف مده و وقت غنیمت پندار
 نیست گر صبح بهاری شب ماه‌ی دریاب
 غالب و کشمکش بیم و امیدش بی‌بهات
 یا به تیغی بکشد و یا به بنگاه‌ی دریاب

(۳۷)

گر پس از جور با نصاف گراید چه عجب
 از حیا روی بما گرنه نماید چه عجب
 شیوه با دارد و من معتقد خومی و یم
 شو قم از رنجش او گر بفزاید چه عجب
 کار با مطرب زهره نهادی دارم
 گر بلم ناله بهنجار سراید چه عجب



بخوابم میرسد بند قبا و اگر ده از مستی
ندانم شوق من بروی چه افسوس خوانده است امشب
بدست کیست زلفت کاین دل شوریده مینالد
سر زنجیر مجنون را که می جنبانده است امشب
خوشست افسانه در د جدایی مختصر غالب
به محشر میتوان گفت آنچه در دل مانده است امشب

بان آینه بگذار که عکس نفس برید
نظاره یکتایی حق میکنم امشب
از هر بن موجشده خون باز کشادم
آرایشش بستر ز شفق میکنم امشب
نازم سخنش را و نیابم دهنش را
خوش تفرقه در باطل و حق میکنم امشب
عمریست که قانون طرب رفته زیادم
آموخته را باز سبق میکنم امشب



ردیف پ

(۴۰)

سحر دمیده و گل در دمیدنت مخپ
جهان جهان گل نظاره چیدنت مخپ
مشام را به شمیم گلی نوازش کن
نسیم غایبه سا در وزیدنت مخپ
ز خویش حسن طلب بین و در صبحی کوش
می شبانه ز لب در چکیدنت مخپ
ستاره سحری مرزده سنج دیدار است
ببین که چشم فلک در پریدنت مخپ
تو محو خواب و سحر در تافت از انجم
به پشت دست بدندان گزیدنت مخپ
نفس ز ناله به سنبل درودنت، بخیز
ز خون دل مرزده در لاله چیدنت مخپ
نشاط گوش بر آواز قلقل است بیا
پیاله چشم براه کشیدنت مخپ
نشان زندگی دل دویدنت، مایست
جلای آینه چشم دیدنت مخپ

ز دیده سود حریفان کشتودنست مبنده
ز دل مراد عزیزان تپیدنست مخسپ
بذکر مرگ بشی زنده داشتند ذوقیست
گرت فسانه غالب شنیدنست مخسپ

ردیف ت

(۴۱)

گلشن بفضای چمن سینه مانیت
هر دل که نه زخمی خورد از تیغ تو وانیت
میسوزم و می ترسم از آسیب زوالش
آوخ که در آتش اثر آب بقانیت
عمریست که می میرم و مردن نتوانم
در کشور بیداد تو فرمان قضانیت
جنت نکند چاره افسردگی دل
تعمیر باندازه ویرانی مانیت
گر مهر و گر کین همه از دوست قبولست
اندیشه جز آیین تصویر تمانیت

در یوزه راحت نتوان کرد ز مرهم
غالب همه تن خسته یارست گدایت

(۴۲)

عکس تنش را در آب لرزه بودیم ز موج
بیم نگاه خودش کار گرفتاده است
خاطر بلبل بجوی قطره شبم مگوی
کز پس گوی گل ناله تر افتاده است
هر چه ز سرمایه کاست در هوس افزوده ایم
هر چه ز اندیشه خاست در خطر افتاده است
از ننگ سرخوشت کام تمنا کند
آینه ساده دل دیده در افتاده است
او دلی از ما گذاخت و این نفس گرم خست
نال ما از نگاه شوخ تر افتاده است
ریشک دهانت گذاشت غنچه گل چون شکفت
دید که از روی کار پرده بر افتاده است
مستی دل دیده را محرم اسرار کرد
بیخودی پرده دار پرده در افتاده است

آن همه آزادگی وین همه دلدادگی
حیف که غالب ز خویش بیخبر افتاده است

(۲۳)

حسن تو در حجاب ز شرم گناه کیست
جابر کرشمه تنگ ز جوش نگاه کیست
مست است و رخ کشاده بگلزار میرود
خون در دل بهار ز تاثیر آه کیست
اما تو آشنا و تو بیگانه ز ما
آخر تو و خدا که جهانی گواه کیست
ز نیسان که سر بسرگل و ریحان و نیل است
طرف چمن نمونه طرف کلاه کیست
ریشک آیدم بروشنی دیده های خلق
دانسته ام که از اثر گرد راه کیست
یا من بخواب ناز و من از ریشک بدگمان
تا عرصه خیال عدو جلوه گاه کیست
بیخود بوقت ذبح تپیدن گناه من
دانسته تشنه تیر نکردن گناه کیست

در تالم از خیال که دل جلوه گاه کیست
 داغم ز انتظار که چشمش براه کیست
 چشمش پر آب از تفت مهر پری و شیت
 من در گمان که از اثر دود آه کیست
 نیرنگ عشق شوکت رعنائی تو برد
 در طالع تو گردش چشم سیاه کیست

میرم ولی بترسم کز فرط بدگمانی
 داند که جان سپردن از عافیت گزینیت
 در بادیه دیرمستم آری ز سخت جانیت
 در غمره زود رنجی آری ز نازنینیت
 من سوی او بیلنم داند ز بیجاییت
 او سوی من نبیند داغم ز شرکینیت



لب شیرین تو جان نمکست
و این که گفتم بزبان نمکست
ای شده لطف و عتابت همه ناز
ناز در عهد تو کان نمکست
نطق من مایه من بس غالب
خود نمک گوهر کان نمکست

چه فتنه ها که در اندازه گمان تو نیست
قیامتت دل دیر مهربان تو نیست
دلم بعهده وفای فریفت نامه سپار
خوش است وعده تو گرچه از زبان تو نیست
شکسته رنگ تو از عشق خوش تماشا نیست
بهار دهر بر نیکنی حنزان تو نیست
دل از خموشی لعلت امیدوار چراست
چه گفته بزبانی که در دهان تو نیست



بخود رسیدنش از ناز بسکه دشوار است
 چو ما بدام تمنای خود گرفتار است
 بیا که فصل بهارست و گل بصحن چمن
 کشاده روی تراز شایه‌ان بازار است
 ز آفرینش عالم غرض جز آدم نیست
 بگرد نقطه ما دور هفت پرکار است
 نگاه خیره شد از پر تو رخس غائب
 تو گویی آینه ما سراب دیدار است

مرغ از شب تار و بیا بزم نشاط
 که پنبه سر می‌نمای یاده هتایت
 ز وضع روزن دیوار میتوان دانست
 که چشم غمگده ما براه سیلابست
 قومی قتاده چونبست ادب مجو غالب
 ندیده که سوی قبله پشت محرابست



نازم ننگه شرم که دلها ز میان برد
 ز انسان که خود آن چشم فوسا زندانست
 مخمور مکافات بخلد و سقر آویخت
 مشتاق عطا شعله ز گل باز ندانست
 غالب سخن از هند برون بر که کس اینجا
 سنگ از گهر و شعبده ز اعجاز ندانست

هر ذره محو جلوه حسن یگانه ایست
 گوئی طلسم شش جهت آینه خانه ایست
 ناچار با تغافل صیاد ساحتم
 پنداشتم که حلقه دام آشیانه ایست
 پابسته نورد خیالی چو واری
 هر عالمی ز عالم دیگر فایه ایست
 خود داریم بفصل بهاران عنان گسخت
 گلگون شوق را رگ گل تازیانه ایست
 هر ذره در طریق وفای تو مسنذلی
 هر قطره از محیط خیالت کرانه ایست

در پرده تو چند کشم ناز عالمی
داغم ز روزگار و فراق بهانه ایست
وحشت چو شاهدان بنظر جلوه میکند
گردره و هوا سر زلفی و شانه ایست

(۵۲)

غرقه بموجه تاب خورد تشنه زد جلوه آب خورد
ز حمت هیچ یک نداد راحت هیچ یک نخواست
جاه ز علم بیخبر علم ز جاه نی نیازی
هم محک تو ز زنده دید هم ز من محک نخواست
شعنه دهر بر ملا هر چه گرفت پس نداد
کاتب بخت در خفا هر چه نوشت حک نخواست
خون جگر بجای می مستی ماقدرح نداشت
نال دل تو اسی نی رامش مانع یک نخواست
زاهد و ورزش بسجود آه ز دعوی وجود
تا نزد اهرمن رهش بدرقه ملک نخواست
بحث و جدل بجای مان میکرده جوی کاندران
کس نفس از جمل نزد کس سخن از فدک نخواست

زند هزار شیوه را طاعت حق گراں نبود
یک صنم بسجده در ناصیه مشترک نخواست
سهل شمرد و سرسری تا تو ز عجب ز شمری
غالب اگر بدوری داد خود از فلک نخواست

(۵۳)

دارم دلی ز آبله نازک نه ساد تر
آهسته پانهم که سر خار نازک است
از جنبش نسیم فروریزی ز هم
مارا چو برگ گل در دیوار نازک است
ز حمت کشید و آن مرثه برگشت همچنان
ماسخت جان و لذت آزار نازک است

(۵۴)

تا در آب افتاده عکس قد و بویش
چشمه همچو آئینه فارغ از روانیهاست
در کشاکش ضعفم نگسلد روان از تن
اینکه من نمی میرم هم ز ناتوانیهاست

از خمیدن پشتم روی بر فقا باشد
تا چها درین پیری حسرت جوانیهاست
کشته دل خویشم کز ستگران یکسر
دید دلفریبیها گفت نه بر بانیهاست
سوی من نگه دارد چین فلک در ابرو
با گران رکابها خوش سبک عنانیهاست
شوخیش در آئینه محو آن دهن دارد
چشم سحر پردازش باب نکته دانیهاست
با عدو غتابستی و ز منش حجابستی
ده چه دلبرباییهایی چه جانتانیهاست
با چنین تهیدستی بهره چه بود از هستی
کارماز سرستی آستین فشانیهاست
ایکه اندرین وادی مرده از همادادی
بر سرم ز آزادی سایه را گزانیهاست
ذوق فکر غالب را برده ز انجمن بیرون
با ظهوری و صائب محو هم زبانیهاست



سرگرمی خیال تو از ناله باز داشت
 دل پاره آتشیت که دودش نمانده است
 داد از تظلمی که بگوشت نمیرسد
 آه از توقعی که وجودش نمانده است
 دل را بوعده ستمی میتوان فریفت
 نازی که برو فاسی تو بودش نمانده است
 دل جلوه میدهد هنر خود در انجمن
 ریحی مگر بجان خودش نمانده است
 دل در غم تو مایه برهزن سپرده ایست
 کار از زیان گذشته و سودش نمانده است

بلبل، دلت بناله خونین به بند نیست
 آسوده زمی که یار تو مشکل پسند نیست
 عهد و قاز سومی تو نا استوار بود
 بشکستی و ترا به شکستن گزند نیست
 می نوشش و تکیه بر کرم کردگار کن
 خط پیاله را رستم چون و چند نیست

غالب من و خدا که سرانجام برشکال
غیر از شراب و انبه و برفاب و قند نیست

۵۷

خارج از هنگامه، سرتاسر به بیکاری گذشت
رشته، عمر خضر مد حسابی بیش نیست
قطره و موج و کف و گرداب جیخونست و بس
این من و مایی که می بالد حجابی بیش نیست
خویش را صورت پرستان هرزه رسوا کرده اند
جلوه می نامند و در معنی نقابی بیش نیست
شوخی اندیشه خویشست سرتا پای ما
تار و پود هستی ماتپچ و تابانی بیش نیست
جلوه کن، منت منه از ذره کمترینم
حسن با این تابناکی آفتابی بیش نیست

۵۸

هم بقدر جوشش دریا تو من دست موج
تیغ سیراب از روانیهای خون بسملت

یا همه نزدیکی از وی کام دل نتوان گرفت
 تشنه ما بر کنار آبجو پا در گِلست
 عقل در اثبات وحدت خیره میگردد چرا
 هر چه جز هستیست هیچ و هر چه جز حق باطلست
 ما همان عین خودیم اما خود از وهم دویی
 در میان ما و غالب ما و غالب حالمست

(۵۹)

بهم وعده و هم منع ز بخشش چه حساب است
 جان نیست مکرر نتوان داد شراب است
 از جلوه به هنگامه شکیبا نتوان شد
 لب تشنه دیدار ترا خلد سراب است
 دو شینه بستی که مکید است لبش را
 کامروز به پیما نه می در شکر آب است

(۶۰)

هر چه از گریه فشانیم به نشمردن ریخت
 هر چه از ناله رسانیم به نشنودن رفت

ریگ در بادی عشق روانست هنوز
 تا چها پای درین راه بفرسودن رفت
 بر تنک مایکیم رحم که یک عمر گناه
 هم بتاراج سبکدستی بختودن رفت
 داغ تردستی اشکم که از افشردن دل
 هر چه از گریه فرودیم در افروندن رفت

(۶۱)

زهی لطافت پرواز سعی ابر بهار
 که هر چه در دل بادست از زمین پیداست
 نفس گداختن جلوه در هوای قدش
 زخوی فشانی آن روی نازنین پیداست
 عیار فطرت پیشینیان ز ما خیزد
 صفای باده ازین دُر دته نشین پیداست

(۶۲)

شادم ز درد دل که بمغز شکیب رنجت
 نو میدی که راحت جاوید بوده است

تلخست تلخ رشک تمنای خویشتن
 شادم که دل ز وصل تو نوید بوده است
 هرگونه حسرتی که ز ایام می کشیم
 دُرودت پیاله امید بوده است
 حق را ز خلق جو که نو آموز دید را
 آئینه خانه مکتب توحید بوده است

(۶۳)

شادی و غم همه سرگشته تر از یگدگرند
 روز روشن بوداع شب تار آمد و رفت
 برق تمثال سراپای تو میخواست کشید
 طر زرقار ترا آینه دار آمد و رفت

(۶۴)

بز مینی که به آهنگ غزل بنشینم
 خاک گلبومی و هوا مشک فشان میبایست
 یا تمنای من از خلد برین نگذشتی
 یا خود امید گهی درخور آن میبایست

تا تنک مایه بدریوزه خود آرا نشود
نرخ پیرایه گفتار گران میبایست

(۶۵)

شاهد و می زمیان رفته و شادم بسخن
کشته ام بید درین باغ که ویران شده است
غالب آزرده سر و شیت که از مستی قرب
هم بدان وحی که آورده غزلخوان شده است

(۶۶)

شنیده که آتش نسوخت ابراهیم
بین که بی شرر و شعله میتوانم سوخت
عیار جلوه نازش گرفتن ارزانی
هزار بار به تقریب امتحانم سوخت
مرا دیدن گل در گمان فلک امروز
که باز بر سر شاخ گل آشیانم سوخت
ز گلفروش ننام کز اهل بازار ست
تیپاک گرمی رفتار باغبانم سوخت

چه مایه گرم برون آمدی ز خلوت غیر
 که شکوه در دل و پیغاره بر زبانم سوخت
 نفس گداختگیهای شوق را نازم
 چه شمعها بسراپرده بیانم سوخت
 نوید آمدنت رشک از قفا دارد
 شگفته رویی گلهای بوتانم سوخت

(۶۷)

وجود او همه حسن است و هستیم همه عشق
 به بخت دشمن و اقبال دوست سوگند است
 اگر نه بهر من از بهر خود عزیزم دار
 که بنده خوبی او خوبی خداوند است
 نه آن بود که وفا خواهد از جهان غالب
 بدینکه پرسد و گویند هست خرد است

(۶۸)

آمد و از ره غرور بوسه بخلو تم نهاد
 رفت و در انجمن ز غیر مزد نو اگر می گرفت

مستی مرغ صبحدم بر رخ گل بهوی تست
 هرزه ز شرم باغبان جبهه گل تری گرفت
 رای ز دم که بار غم هم بر قم زدول رود
 نامه چو بستمش ببال مرغ بک پری گرفت

(۴۹)

دل بردن ازین شیوه عیانست و عیان نیست
 دانی که مرا بر تو گمانست و گمان نیست
 در عرض غمت پیکر اندیشه لالم
 پاتا سرم انداز بیانست و بیان نیست
 فرمان تو بر حبان من و کار من از تو
 بی پرده بهر پرده روانست و روان نیست
 نازم به نریبی که دهی اهل نظر را
 کز بوسه پیامی بد هانست و دهان نیست
 داغیم ز گلشن که بهار است و بقای یخ
 شادیم بگلخن که خزانست و خزان نیست
 سرمای هر قطره که گم گشت بدریا
 سودیت که مانا بزیا نیست و زیان نیست

در هر مرثه بر هم زدن این خلق جدید است
 نظاره سگالده که بهانست و همان نیست
 در شاخ بود موج گل از جوش بهاران
 چون باده به مینا که نهانست و نهان نیست
 ناکس ز تنو مندی ظاهر نشود کس
 چون سنگ سرره که گرانست و گران نیست
 پهلوی بشگافید و بینید دلم را
 تا چند بگویم که چنانست و چنان نیست
 غالب بلا نظارگی خویش توان بود
 زین پرده برون آ که چنانست و چنان نیست

(۴۰)

دل برود حق آنست که دبیر توان گفت
 بیداد توان دید و ستمگر نتوان گفت
 پیوسته دهد باده و ساقی نتوان خواند
 همواره ترا شد بت و آذر نتوان گفت
 در گرم روی سایه و سرچشمه نجویم
 با ما سخن از طوبی و کوشش نتوان گفت

آن راز که در سینه نهانست نه وعظ است
بردار توان گفت و بمنبر نتوان گفت

(۴۱)

گفتم ز که پرسم خبر عمر گذشته
ساقی بقدرح باده ده ساله فرو ریخت
بی سعی ننگه مستی آن چشم فسونگر
خونم بسیه مستی و نباله فرو ریخت
مشاطه به آرایش آن حسن خداداد
گل در چین و قند به بنگاله فرو ریخت
با موج خرامش سخن از باده مگوئید
کاب رخ این جوهر سیاله فرو ریخت

(۴۲)

خواست کز ما رنج و تقریب رنجیدن نداشت
جرم غیر از دوست پریدیم و پریدن نداشت
گل فراوان بود و می پُر زور دو شتم بر بساط
خود بخود پیمانه میگردید و گردیدن نداشت

برد آدم از امانت هر چه گردون برتافت
ریخت می بر خاک چون در جام گنجیدن نداشت
نامرادی بود نوعی آبرو غالب دریغ
در هلاک خویش کوشیدیم و کوشیدن نداشت

(۷۳)

چه ناکسی که ز درد منراق مینالی
نمیرسی که درین پرده همنوای تو کیست
کلید بستگی تست غم بجوش ای دل
تو گر چنین نگدازی گره کشای تو کیست
شکایتی نفروشی و عشوه نخسری
تو آشنای که خواهی و آشنای تو کیست
بانتظار تو در پاس وقت خویشتم
فریب خورده نیزنگ وعده های تو کیست
فرشته معنی من ربّک نمی فهمم
بمن بگوی که غالب بگو خدای تو کیست



بوادینی که در آن خضر را عصا خفت است
 بسینه می سپرم ره اگر چه پا خفت است
 بدین نیاز که با تست ناز می رسم
 گدا بسایه دیوار پادشاه خفت است
 به صبح حشر چنین خسته زو سیه خیزد
 که در شکایت درد و غم دو خفت است
 هوا مخالفت و شب تار و بحر طوفان خیز
 گسته لنگر کشتی و ناخدا خفت است
 دلم بسجده و سجاده و ردا لرزد
 که دزد در حله بیدار و پار خفت است
 درازی شب و بیداری من این همه نیست
 ز بخت من خبر آرید تا کجا خفت است
 بین زدور و مجو قرب شه که منظر را
 در یچه باز و بدر و اژه اژدها خفت است
 براه خفتن من هر که بست گرد داند
 که میر قافله در کار و انس را خفت است
 دگر زایمنی راه و قرب کعبه چه حظ
 مرا که ناقة ز رفتار ماند و پا خفت است

مستی انداز لعنزشی دارد
 حیفت پاینی که آفتش ز سر است
 ناله را مالدار کرد اثر
 دل سختش دکان شیشه گراست
 عقل و دین برده دل و جان نیز
 آنچه از ما نبرده خبر است
 منت از دل نمیتوان برداشت
 شکر ایزد که ناله بی اثر است
 ریزد آن برگ و این گل افشانند
 هم خزان هم بهار در گذراست
 کم خود گیر و بیش شو غالب
 قطره از ترک خویشتن گهراست

لرزم بکوی غمیر ز بیتابی نسیم
 کاندرا امید واری بوی لباس کیست

لطف بشکوه از هوس بی شمار من
 شوتم بناله از ستم بی قیاس کیست
 گیرم که رسم عشق من آورده ام بدهر
 ظلم آفریده دل حق ناشناس کیست
 صحن چمن نمونه بزم سراغ تو
 باد سحر علاقه ربط حواس کیست

(۷۷)

نه بدرجسته شرار و نه بجا مانده رماؤ
 سوختم لیک ندانم بچه عنوانم سوخت
 کافر عشقم و دوزخ نبود درخور من
 غیرت گرمی هنگامه صنایع سوخت
 تانسانی بفسون تو در آتش رفتم
 خود بداغ تو دل دیرپشیمانم سوخت

(۷۸)

از حرف من اندیشه گلستان جنیل
 از روی تو آینه کف دست کلیم است
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۵۶

در جستن مانند تو نظاره زبونست
در زادن بهتای من اندیشه سقیم است
ذوق طلبت جنبش اجزایی بهار است
شور نفسم ریشه اعضای نسیم است

(۷۹)

با من که عاشقم سخن از ننگ و نام چیت
در امر خاص حجت دستور عام چیت
با دوست هر که باده بخلوت خورد دمام
داند که حور و کوثر و دار السلام چیت
دلخسته غمیم و بود می دوا می ما
با خستگان حدیث حلال و حرام چیت
گفتی نفس خوش است توان بال و پر کشود
باری علاج خستگی بند دام چیت
نیکی ز تست اند تو نخواهیم مزد کار
در خود بدیم کار تو ایم انتقام چیت
غالب اگر نه خرقة و مصحف بهم فروخت
پرسد چرا که نرخ می لعل فام چیت

در خلوتی کشود خیالم ره دعا
 کز تنگی بساط نفس در گلو گرفت
 باخوشتن چه مایه نظر باز بوده است
 کز من دل مرا به هزار آرزو گرفت
 از یک بسوست یاده و قسمت جدا است
 جمشید جام برد و قلندر کدو گرفت
 ایمان اگر بخوف و رجا کردم استوار
 اخلاص در نمود و قایم دو رو گرفت
 رضوان چو شهید و شیر به غالب حواله کرد
 بیچاره باز داد و می مشک بو گرفت

غبار طرف مزارم به پیچ و تابانی هست
 هنوز در رگ اندیشه اضطرابی هست
 ببانگ صور سراز خاک بر نمی دارم
 هنوز در نظرم چشم نیم خوابانی هست

ز سر دمی نفس نامه بر توان دانست
 که نارسیده پیام مرا جوابی هست
 نظر فروز اداها بدشمن ارزانی
 بمن سپار اگر داغ سینه تابی هست
 خود اولین قدح می بنوش و ساقی شو
 که آخر از طرف تست گر حجابی هست
 بهار هند بود بر شگال بان غالب
 درین خزان کده هم موسم شرابی هست

۸۲

راستی اینکه دم مهر و وفا می تو بدل
 با هم آمیخته مانند روان با بدن است
 داد را گر چه همایم بهم سایون سخنی
 لیک دزد هر مرا طالع زارغ و زغن است
 سینه می سوزد از ان اشک که در دامن نیست
 بجگر می خلد آن خار که در پیرهن است
 حیفت باشد که دلم مرده و پریش کنی
 بجهان پریش ما تمزده رسم کهن است

هجوم گل بگلستان هلاک شو قم کرد
 که جانمانده و جای تو همچنان خالیست
 نه شادی بتماشانه بیدلی بنوا
 ز غنچه گلبن و از بلبل آشیان خالیست
 کنم به جنبش دل شیشه از پری لبریز
 سرم ز باد فسون سنجی زبان خالیست
 امام شهر به مسجد اگر رهیم ندهد
 نه جای من به نیایشگاه مغان خالیست
 خراب ذوق برد دوش کیستم غالب
 که چون هلال سراپایم از میان خالیست

درین روش بچه امید دل توان بستن
 میان من و او شوق حائل افتاد است
 چو اندر آینه باخویش لابه ساز شوی
 ز خود بجوی که مارچه در دل افتاد است

ما و خاک رگدز بر فرق عریان ریختن
گل کسی جوید که او را گوشه دستار هست
پاره امید و آستم تکلف بر طرف
با همه بی اتفاقی دردمند آزار هست
در خموشی تابش روی عرفناکش نگر
تا چها هنگامه سرگرمی گفتار هست
راز دیدنها مجوی و از شنیدنها مگوی
نقشها در خامه و آهنگها در تار هست

ای که خوی تو بهجوروی تو نیست
دیده از دل امیدوار تر است
همه عجز و نیاز می خواهند
زار تر هر که حق گزار تر است
شکوه از خوی دوست نتوان کرد
باده تند سازگار تر است

میرسد گر بخویشتن نازد
غالب از خویش خاکسارتر است

(۸۷)

ظهور بخشش حق را ذریعه بیسبی است
و گرنه شرم گنه در شمار بی ادبی است
ز گیر و دار چه عشم چون بعالمی که منم
هنوز قصه حلاج حرف زیر لبی است
رموز دین نشاسم درست و معذورم
نهاد من عجبی و طریق من عربی است
بالتفات نیززم در آرزو چه نزاع
نشاط خاطر مفلس زکیمیا طلبی است
کسیکه از تو فریب وفا خورد داند
که بیوفایی گل در شمار بلعجی است

(۸۸)

نشاط معنویان از شرابخانه تست
فسون بابلیان فصلی از فسانه تست

بجام و آینه حرف جم و سکندر چیست
 که هر چه رفت بهر عهد در زمانه تست
 هم از احاطه تست اینکه در جهان مارا
 قدم به بتکده و سر بر آستانه تست
 سپهر را تو بتاراج ما گماشته
 نه هر چه دزد ز ما بُرد در خزانه تست
 مرا چه جرم گر اندیشه آسمان پیماست
 نه تیز گامی تو سن ز تازیانه تست
 تو ای که محو سخن گستران پیشینی
 مباشش منکر غالب که در زمانه تست

ردیف ث

۸۹

افسانه گوست غیر چه مهر افکنی بر او
 غم بر نتابد این همه گفتن درین چه بحث
 بی پرده شوز غصه و الزام ده مرا
 گفتم که گل خوش است بگلشن درین چه بحث

با پیرهن زناز فرو میسود و بدل
 بند قبا می دوست کشودن چه احتیاج
 بنگر که شعله از نفسم بال میزند
 دیگر ز من فسانه شنودن چه احتیاج
 از خود بذوق زمزمه میتوان گذشت
 چندین هزار پرده سرودن چه احتیاج
 تالاب کشوده مزه در دل دویده است
 بوس لب ترا برودن چه احتیاج
 بفکن در آتش و تب و تابم نظاره کن
 غمنامه مرا بکشودن چه احتیاج
 تاب سموم فتنه گران نیست عنالبا
 کشت امید را بدرودن چه احتیاج

گر خودت مهری بجنبه کام مشتاقاں بده
 ورنه نیروی قضا اندر رضای ما سنج

کاها محو است عیش بی زوال مامپرس
دیده با کور است جنس ناروای ماسنج
سردیلف چ

(۹۲)

در پرده شکایت ز تو داریم و بیان ییچ
زخم دل ما جمله دهانست و زبان ییچ
ای حسن گرا از راست تر نجی سخنی هست
ناز این همه یعنی چه کمر ییچ و دهان ییچ
در راه تو هر موج غباریست روانی
دل تنگ نگردم ز بر افشاندن جان ییچ
بر گریه بیفزود ز دل هر چه فرو ریخت
در عشق بود تفرقه سود و زیان ییچ
دنیا طلبان عریده مفت است بجوشید
آزادی ما ییچ و گرفتاری ما ییچ
عالم همه مرآت وجود است عدم حلیت
تا کار کند چشم محیط است و کران ییچ
در پرده رسوایی منصور نوا میست
رازت نشنودیم ازین خلوتیان ییچ

غالب ز گرفتاری او هام برون آسی
بالله جهان ییچ و بد و نیک جهان ییچ

سادیف ۳

(۹۳)

پیش ازین باد بهار این همه سرمست نبود
شبم ماست که تر کرده دماغ دم صبح
سخن ما ز لطافت همه سرخوش می است
که فرو ریخته از طرف ایارغ دم صبح
حق آن گرمی هنگامه که دارم بشناس
ای که در بزم تو مانم بچسارغ دم صبح
غالب امروز بوقتی که صبحی زده ام
چیده ام این گل اندیشه ز باغ دم صبح

(۹۴)

خود را بشاهی پرستیم زین سپس
در راه عشق جاده دیگر کنیم طرح
از تار و پود ناله نفتابی دهیم ساز
وز دودینه زلف معبر کنیم طرح

از سوز و ساز محرم و مطرب کنیم جمع
از خار و خار و بالش و بستر کنیم طرح
آیین بر زمین به نهایت رسانده ایم
غالب بیا که شیوه آذر کنیم طرح
سر دلیف خ

۹۵

ای جمال تو بتاراج نظر هاگستاخ
وی خرام تو بیامالی سر هاگستاخ
داغ شوق تو بارایش دلبا سرگرم
زخم تیغ تو بگلگشت حبس هاگستاخ
با خبر باش که دردی که زبیدردی تست
نال را کرده در اظہار اثر هاگستاخ
خواهش وصل خود از غیر ز اخلاص منج
کاین گدایست بدریورده در هاگستاخ
شاد گردم که بخلوت نرسید ست رقیب
بینمش چون بتو در راه گذر هاگستاخ
های این پنجه که با جیب کشاکش دارد
بود با دامن پاکت چه قدر هاگستاخ

تاز دلهای نزارش چه محابا باشد
 سر زلفی که بیچید بکمرها گستاخ
 طوطیان در شکر آیند بغالب کو راست
 بسی از نطق بتاراج شکرها گستاخ
 مراد یفت د

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بدان پرست نیازم که بهر تسخیرش
 زهر دل بزبان رخصت فسون ندهد
 خون مگوا و بش نیست بلکه خود دار نیست
 که تن به بهمی عفتل ذوق فسون ندهد
 بهوی گنج گزیدم خرابه ورنه خون
 بهرزه ذوق دلاویزی سکون ندهد
 بمن گرامی و وفا جو که ساده برهنم
 بسنگ هر که دهد دل بغمره چون ندهد
 ترا بحر به چه حاجت نه آن بود غالب
 که جان به لذت آویزش درون ندهد



خوشا بُریدن راه و فنا که در هر گام
 جبین ز پای بانداز نقشش پا ریزد
 بهشت خویش توانی شدن اگر داری
 دلی که خون شود و رنگ مدعا ریزد
 بروز وصل در آغوشم آبخنان بفشار
 که بی من از لب من شکوه تو داریزد
 بروی عقده کارم بشکل برگ خزان
 ز لرزه ناخن دست گره کشا ریزد
 شباب و زهد چه ناقد ردانی هستیست
 بلا بجان جوانان پارسا ریزد

من آن نیم که بتا نم کنند دجونی
 خوشم ز بخت که دلدار بدگمان افتاد
 هم از تصرف بیتابی زلیخا بود
 بچاه یوسف اگر راه کاروان افتاد
 فرو نیامدم از بس که بیخودم بطلب
 هزار بار گذارم بر آشیان افتاد

غم چو بهم در افکند زو که مراد میدهد
 دانه ذخیره میکند گاه بباد میدهد
 ای که بدیده نم زنت دی که بسینه غم زنت
 نازش غم که هم زنت خاطر شاد میدهد
 مست عطای خود کند ساقی مانه مست می
 داده زیاد میبرد بسکه زیاد میدهد
 میدهم بخلد جارحم کجاست ای خدا
 آب و هوای این فضا کوی که یاد میدهد

دل اسباب طرب گم کرده در بند غم نان شد
 زراعتگاه دهنقان میشود چون باغ ویران شد
 گرفتار کن تغافل طاقت ما باج میگیرد
 حریف یک نگاه بیحسابی تو نتوان شد
 جنون کردیم و مجنون شهره گشتیم از خردمندی
 برون دادیم راز غم بعنوانی که پنهان شد
 فراغت بر نتابد همت مشکل پسند من
 ز دشواری بجان می افتدم کاری که آسان شد

چه پرسی و حبه حیرانی که هنگام تماشا
نگاه از بنخودها دست و پا گم کرد و مژگان شد
ز ما گرم است این هنگامه بنگر شور هستی را
قیامت میدهد از پرده حجاب کی که انسان شد
نشاط انگیزی انداز سعی چاک را نازم
به پیراهن نیکنج گریبانی که دامان شد
خدا را ای بتان گرد و لش گردیدنی دارد
دریغا آبروی دیر گر غالب مسلمان شد

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بچه رازی که بمستی ز دل آید بیرون
در بهاران همه بوییت ز صبا می آید
سود غارت ز دگیهای غمت را نازم
که نفس میرود و آه رسا می آید
راز از سینه بمضرب نریزم بیرون
ساز عاشق ز شکستن بصدامی آید



سرابی که رخشد بویرا نه خوشتر
 ز چشمی که پیرایه نم ندارد
 بجوش عرق رنگ در باخت رویت
 گل از ناز کی تاب شبم ندارد
 گلت را نوا نرگست را تماشا
 تو داری بهاری که عالم ندارد
 نگهدار خود را وز آیین بگذر
 نگاه تو پروای خود هم ندارد
 سخن نیست در لطف این قطعه غالب
 بهشتی بود هسند کادم ندارد

مژده صبح درین تیره شبانم دادند
 شمع کشتند و ز خورشید نشانم دادند
 رخ کشودند و لب هرزه سرایم بستند
 دل ربودند و دو چشم نگرانم دادند
 سوخت آتشکده ز آتش نفسم بخشیدند
 ریخت بتخانه ز ناقوس فغانم دادند

گهر از رایت شاهان عجم برچیدند
 بغوض خامه گنجینه فشانم دادند
 افسر از تارک ترکان پیشگی بردند
 به سخن ناصیه فرکیانم دادند
 گوهر از تاج گستند و بدانش بستند
 هر چه بردند به پیدا به نهانم دادند
 هر چه از دستگه پارس به یغما بردند
 تا بنالم هم از ان جمله ز بانم دادند
 هم از آغاز بخوف و خطر ستم غالب
 طالع از قوس و شمار از سر طانم دادند

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بچه گیرند عیار هوس و عشق دگر
 رسم بیداد مبادا از جهان برخیزد
 جزوی از عالم و از همه عالم بیشم
 بپنج مویی که بتان را از میان برخیزد
 عمر با چرخ بگردد که جگر سوخته
 چون من از دوده آذر نفسان برخیزد

گردهم شرح ستهامي عزيزان غالب
رسم اميد همانا ز جهان برخيزد

(۱۰۵)

گويم سخني گر چه شنيدن نشناسد
صحيحت بشم را که دميدن نشناسد
از بند چه بکشاييد و از دام چه خيزد
ماييم و غزالي که رميدن نشناسد
مالذت ديدار ز پيچ نام گرفتيم
مشتاق تو ديدن ز شنيدن نشناسد
بي پرده شوازان و ميند ليش که مارا
چون آينه چشمت که ديدن نشناسد
شوقم مي گلگون بسو ميزند امشب
پيمان ز ساقی طلبيدن نشناسد
بالذت اندوه تو در ساخته غالب
گوئي همه دل گشت و پييدن نشناسد



سردم ز نشا طم دل آزاد بجنبه
تا کیست درین پرده که بی باد بجنبه
از رشک بخون غلطم و از ذوق برقصم
زان تیشه که در پنبه فرهاد بجنبه
غالب قلمت پرده کشای دم عیست
چون بر روش طرز خدا داد بجنبه

خوبان نه آن کنند که کس رازیان رسد
دل برد تا دگر چه از ان دستان رسد
مقصود ما ز دیر و حرم جز حبیب نیست
هر جا کنیم سجده بدان آستان رسد
در دام بهر دانه نیفتیم مگر قفس
چندان کنی بلند که تا آشیان رسد
تیر نخست را غلط انداز گفتن ام
ای وای گر نه تیر دگر بر نشان رسد
خوارم نه آنچه آن که دگر مرده وصال
باور کنم اگر همه از آسمان رسد

رشک و فائزگر که بدعوی گه رضا
هر کس چگونه در پی مقصود میرود
فرزند زیر تیغ پدر می نهید گلو
گر خود پدر در آتش نمرود میرود

مجرم مسخ زندانا بحق سرامی را
معشوقه خود نمای و نگهبان غیور بود
نازم به امتیاز که بگذشتن از گناه
با دیگران ز عفو و بما از عسر و بود
درد دلم بحشر ز شدت نهفته ماند
خون باد ناله که هم آهنگ صور بود
دل از تو بود و تویی الزام مازما
بردی نخست آنچه ز جنس شعور بود

خیال یار در آغوشم آ پنهان بفشرد
که شرم امشتم از شکوه های دوش آمد

فدای شیوه رحمت که در لباس بهار
 بعذر خواهی زندان باده نوش آمد
 ز وصل یار قناعت کنون به پیغامیست
 خزان چشم رسید و بهار گوش آمد
 شهید چشم تو گشتم که خوش سخن گوئیست
 بلاک طرز بلم شو که پر خموش آمد
 ترا جمال و مرا مایه سخن سازی است
 بهار زینت دکان گل فروش آمد

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بعشق از دو جهان بی نیاز باید بود
 مجاز سوز حقیقت گداز باید بود
 بحیب حوصله نقد نشاط باید ریخت
 بجان شکوه تغافل طراز باید بود
 چو لب ز هرزه نوایان شوق نتوان شد
 چو دل ز پرده سرایان راز باید بود
 کمر نهفته بتاراج خویش باید بست
 شریک مصلحت سعی ناز باید بود

چو شوق بال کشاید، توان بخود بالید
 چو ناز جلوه گراید نیاز باید بود
 نصحن میکرده سرمست میتوان گردید
 بکنج صومعه وقف نماز باید بود
 بخون پییده ذوق نگاه نتوان زیست
 شهید آن مرثه های دراز باید بود
 نگه ز دیده بیدار جو که سائل را
 بگدیه طالب در های باز باید بود
 چه برز راحت آزادگی خوری غالب
 ترا که این همه بابرگ و ساز باید بود

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نفس از بیم خویت رشته پیچیده را ماند
 نگاه از تاب رویت موی آتش دیده را ماند
 ز جوش دل هنوزش ریشه در آبست پنداری
 بمرشگان قطره خون غنچه ناچسبده را ماند
 ز بس کز لاله و گل حسرت ناز تو می جوشد
 خیابان محشر دلهای خون گردیده را ماند

خوشا دل داده چشم خودش بودن در آئینه
 ز سر گرمی بنگه صیاد آهودیده را ماند
 غبار از جاده تا اوج سپهر ساده می بالد
 ز جوش و حشتم صحرا دل زنجیده را ماند
 بهر جامی خرامی جلوه ات در ماست پنداری
 دل از آئینه دایره های شوق دیده را ماند
 چه غم ز افتاد گیها چون روان پالاست اندوهت
 تن از مستی بکویت جان آرامیده را ماند
 بهار از رنگ و بو در پیشگاه جلوه نازش
 آگه ایان نثار از رهگذر بر چیده را ماند
 رقبیش برده از راه و وفا بشکر که در چشمم
 غبار راه او مرزگان برگردیده را ماند
 جهان دودیت از سودا که میگرداندش غالب
 تو گویی گنبد گردون سرشوریده را ماند

شادم بخیاlet که ز تابم بدر آورد
 از کشمکش حسرت خوابم بدر آورد

چو شوق بال کشاید، توان بخود بالید
 چو ناز جلوه گراید نیاز باید بود
 سخن نصحن میکند سرمست میتوان گردید
 بکنج صومعه وقف نماز باید بود
 بخون پییده ذوق نگاه نتوان زیست
 شهید آن مرثه های دراز باید بود
 نگه ز دیده بیدار جو که سائل را
 بگدیه طالب در های باز باید بود
 چه برز راحت آزادگی خوری غالب
 ترا که این همه بابرگ و ساز باید بود

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نفس از بیم خویت رشته پیچیده را ماند
 نگاه از تاب رویت موی آتش دیده را ماند
 ز جوش دل هنوزش ریشه در آبست پنداری
 بمرشگان قطره خون غنچه ناچیده را ماند
 ز بس کز لاله و گل حسرت ناز تو می جوشد
 خیابان محشر و لها می خون گردیده را ماند

خوشا دل داده چشم خودش بودن در آئینه
 ز سر گرمی بنگه صیاد آهودیده را ماند
 غبار از جاده تا اوج سپهر ساده می بالد
 ز جوش و حشتم صحرا دل زنجیده را ماند
 بهر جامی خرامی جلوه ات در ماست پنداری
 دل از آئینه داریهای شوق دیده را ماند
 چه غم ز افتاد گیها چون روان پالاست اندوهت
 تن از مستی بکویت جان آرامیده را ماند
 بهار از رنگ و بود در پیشگاه جلوه نازش
 آگدایان نثار از رهگذر بر چیده را ماند
 رقبیش برده از راه و وفا بنگر که در چشمم
 غبار راه او مرثگان برگردیده را ماند
 جهان دودیت از سودا که میگردد اندش غالب
 تو گویی گنبد گردون سرشوریده را ماند

شادم بخیالت که ز تابم بدر آورد
 از کشمکش حسرت خوابم بدر آورد

نازم به نگاهت که ز سر مستی انداز
از تفرقه مهر و عتابم بدر آورد
ساقی بگهی تابش اسم ز چه جامست
آن باده که از بند حجابم بدر آورد
نازم به گرانمایی سعی تحسیر
کز سر حد این دیر خرابم بدر آورد
آن کشتی اشکسته ز موجم که تباہی
افکند در آتش گراز آیم بدر آورد

(۱۱۳)

نفس بگردول از مهری تپید بفراق
چو طائر می که بسوزانی آشیانش و لرزد
منم بوصل به گنجینه راه یافته دزدی
که در ضمیر بود بیم پاسبانش و لرزد
دگر بکام خود ای دل چه بهره برد توانی
ز سادۀ که زنی بوسه برد هانش و لرزد
ز جنبش مرده مانی دم نگاه بستی
که بی اراده جهد تیر از کمانش و لرزد

ز شیخ وجد بذوق نشاط نغمه نیابی
مگر بدل گذرد مرگ ناگهانش و لرزد
فغان ز خجالت صراف کم عیار که ناگه
بر آوزند ز قلب از دکانش و لرزد
گر از فشاندن جان شورنیت در سر غالب
چرا بسجده نهد سر بر آستانش و لرزد

(۱۱۵)

آنانکه وصل یار همی آرزو کنند
باید که خویش را بگدازند و او کنند
دیوانه وجه رشته ندارد مگر همان
تاری کشد ز جیب که چاکی رفو کنند
خون هزار ساده بگردن گرفته اند
آنانکه گفته اند نکویان نکو کنند
لب تشنه جوی آب شمارد سراب را
می زیبدار بهستی اشیا غلو کنند
از بس بشوق روی تو مست است نو بهار
بوی می آید از دهن غنچه بو کنند

آلوده ریا نتوان بود غالب
پاکست خرقة که می شست و شو کنند

(۱۱۶)

چون گویم از تو بر دل شیدا چه میرود
بنگر بر آبگینه ز خارا چه میرود
آئینه خانه ایست غبارم ز انتظار
او جانب پمن به تماشا چه میرود
گو جلوه رخ تو بسا غرن دیده ایم
چندین بذوق باده دل از جا چه میرود
باما که محو لذت بیداد گشته ایم
دیگر سخن ز مهر و مدارا چه میرود
هفت آسمان بگردش و ما در میانه ایم
غالب دگر میسر که بر ما چه میرود

(۱۱۷)

بمان خون کردن و از دیده بیرون رختن دارد
دلی که ز عهده غمهای پنهان بر نمی آید

مجو آسودگی گرم در راهی کاند رین وادی
 چو خار از پای بر آمد پایزد امان بر نمی آید
 بدوش خلق نعشم عبرت صاحب دلان باشد
 بیای خود کسی از کوی جانان بر نمی آید
 بر آراز بزم بحث ای جذب توحید غالب را
 که ترک ساده ما با فقیهان بر نمی آید

(۱۱۸)

براه کعبه زادم نیست شادم کز سبکباری
 برفتن پای برخار مغیلا نم نمی آید
 دبیرم شاعرم زدم ندیم شیوه با دارم
 گرفتیم رحم بر فریاد و افغانم نمی آید
 ندارم باده غالب گر سحرگاهش سر راهی
 ببینی مست دانی کز شبستانم نمی آید

(۱۱۹)

چون بیونی بزمین چرخ زمین تو شود
 خوش بهشتی است که کس راه نشین تو شود

بهم از نام تو آن مایه پرستی که اگر
بوسه بر غنچه زخم غنچه ننگین تو شود
چون بسجد که نه آنست بکا به از شرم
ماه یک چند ببالد که جبین تو شود
صد قیامت بگدازند و بهم آمیخته
تا خمیر دل هنگامه گزین تو شود
تاب هنگامه درد آرم و گویم هیبت
چه کنم تا غم بحسب تو یقین تو شود
بسخن پیچم و اندوه گسارش گرم
برم از غیر دلی را که حزمین تو شود
جلوه جز در دل آگاه سرایت نکند
من در آتش فتم از هر که قرین تو شود
چشم و دل باخته ام داد هنر خواهد داد
آنکه چون من همه دان و همه بین تو شود
کفر و دین چیست جز آلائش پندار وجود
پاک شو پاک که هم کفر تو دین تو شود
دوزخ تا فتنه هست نهادت غالب
آه از آن دم که دم باز پسین تو شود

دل در افروختنش منت و امن نکشید
شادم از آه که هم آتش و هم باد آمد
رفته بودی دگر از جا بسخن سازی غیر
منت از بخت که خاموشی مایا د آمد
خشک و تر سوزی این شعله تماشا دارد
عشق یک رنگ کن بنده و آزاد آمد

دوش کز گردش بختم گله بر روی تو بود
چشم سوی فلک و روی سخن سوی تو بود
دوست دارم گر هی را که بکارم زده اند
کاین همانست که پیوسته در ابروی تو بود
چه عجب صانع اگر نقش دیانت گم کرد
کو خود از حیرت بیان رخ نیکوی تو بود
خدا را از نفس شعله نشان میسوزم
تا ندانند حریفان که سر کوی تو بود
روش باد بهاری بگسارم افکند
کاین گل و غنچه پی قافله بوی تو بود

هم از آن پیش که مشاطه بد آموز شود
نقش هر شیوه در آئینه زانوی تو بود
لاله و گل دمد از طرف مزارش پس مرگ
تا چها در دل غالب هوس روی تو بود

(۱۲۲)

دل و دینی به بهای تو فرستم حاشا
وام گیر آنخپه ز بیعانه سودا ماند
هم بسودای تو خورشید پرستم آری
دل ز مجنون برد آهوک به لیلی ماند
با وجود تو دم از جلوه گری نتوان زد
در گلستان تو طاؤس به عنفتا ماند
ساز آوازه بدنامی رهزن شدنست
آه ازان خسته که از پویه بره وا ماند

(۱۲۳)

گویم سخن از رنج و براحت کندش طرح
روز سیه از سایه دیوار ندانند

دشوار بود مُردن و دشوار تر از مرگ
آنست که من میسم و دشوار نداند
پیمانه بر آن رند حرامست که غالب
در نیخودی اندازه گفتار نداند

(۱۲۴)

دهد به مجالسِ باد و بنوبتِ من
بمن نماید و در انجمن فرو ریزد
بذوقِ باده ز بس آب در دهن گردد
می نخورده مرا از دهن من و ریزد

(۱۲۵)

اگر بدلِ نخلد هر چه از نظر گذرد
زهی روانیِ عمری که در سفر گذرد
بوصلِ لطفِ باندازه تحمل کن
که مرگ تشنه بود آب چون ز سر گذرد
حریفِ منتِ احباب نیستم غالب
خوشتم که کار من از سعیِ چاره گمر گذرد

می به ز تباد مکن عرض که این جوهر ناب
 پیش این قوم بشورای زمرم نرسد
 خواجه فردوس بمیراث تمنا دارد
 وای گردد در روش نسل بآدم نرسد
 بهره از سر خوشیم نیست دماغم عالیت
 باده گر خود بود از مسیکده حجم نرسد
 هر چه بینی بجهان حلقه زنجیری هست
 هیچ جانیت که این دایره با هم نرسد

آزاد گیت سازی اما صدا ندارد
 از هر چه در گذشتیم آواز پان ندارد
 عشق است و ناتوانی حسن است سرگرائی
 جور و جفا نتا بمهر و وفا ندارد
 فارغ کسی که دل را با درد وا گذارد
 رکشت جهان سراسر دار و گیاه ندارد
 در هم فشار خود را تا در رسد دماغی
 در بزم ماز تنگی پیمیان جان ندارد

ای سبزه سرره از جور پاحیه نالی
در کیش روزگاران گل خون بهسان دارد
صدره درین کشاکش بگذشته در ضمیرش
رنجور عشق گویی آه رسان دارد
هر مطلعی که ریزد از خامه ام فغانیست
جز نغمه محبت سازم نوان دارد
جان در غمت نشاندن مرگ از قفا ندارد
تن در بلا فلکدن بسم بلا ندارد
برخویشتن بهخشای گفتم دگر تودانی
دارم دلی که دیگر تاب جفا ندارد
هرش ز بیدماغی ماناست با تغافل
یارب ستم مبادا بر ما روان دارد
چشمی سیاه دارد یعنی بهمان نیستند
روی چو ماه دارد اما بهمان ندارد
چون فعل تست غنچه اما سخن نداند
چون چشم تست نرگس اما حیاء ندارد
آتش گداز خاکی بادش تف بخاری
دلی بمرگ غالب آب و هوا ندارد

از جوی شیر و عشرت خسر و نشان نماند
 غیرت هنوز طعن به نفس را د میزند
 ممنون کاوشش مژه و نیشتر نیم
 دل موج خون ز درد خدا داد میزند
 زین بیش نیست قافله رنگ را درنگ
 گل یک قدح بسایه شمشاد میزند
 غالب سرشک چشتم تو عالم فرو گرفت
 موجیست دجله را که به بغداد میزند

باید زمی هر آینه پر هینز گفته اند
 آری دروغ مصلحت آ میز گفته اند
 غالب ترا بدیر مسلمان شمرده اند
 آری دروغ مصلحت آ میز گفته اند

های پرکاری ساقی که بار باب نظر
 می باندازه و پیمانه بانداز دهد

من سر از پان شناسم بره سعی و سپهر
 هر دم انج بام مرا جلوۀ آغاز دهد
 پرده داران به فی و ساز فشارش دادند
 ناله میخواست که شرح ستم ناز دهد
 هر نسیمی که ز کوی تو بختا کم گذرد
 یادم از ولولۀ عمر سبک تا ز دهد

(۱۳۱)

خونچکانست نسیم از اثر ناله من
 کیست کز سعی نظری بدر یار برد
 ناز را آینه ماییم بفنر ماتاشوق
 بتوا از جانب ما مرزده دیدار برد
 خاکی از رهگذر دوست بفرقم ریزد
 تا ز دل حسرت آرایش دستار برد
 میزند دم ز فنا غالب و تسکینش نیست
 بو که توفیق ز گفتار بگردار برد



گر بود مشکل مرنج ای دل که کار
چون رود از دست آسان میرود
جز سخن کفری و ایمانی کجاست
خود سخن در کفر و ایمان میرود

نومیدی ما گردش ایام ندارد
روزی که سیه شد سحر و شام ندارد
بوسم لب دلدار و گزیدن نتوانم
نرمست دلم حوصله کام ندارد
هر زده خاکم ز تورقصان بهواییست
دیوانگی شوق سراخجام ندارد
روتن به بلاده که دگر بیم بلا نیست
مرغ قفسی کشمکش دام ندارد
بلبل بچین بنگر و پروانه بمحفل
شوقست که در وصل هم آرام ندارد
هر رشتی باندازه هر حوصله ریزند
میخانه توفیق خم و حجام ندارد

چه خیزد از سخنی کز درون جان نبود
 بریده باد زبانی که خو پنجهکان نبود
 حکیم ساقی و می تند و من ز بد خوبی
 ز رطل باده بختم آیم ارگران نبود
 ز خویش رفته ام و فرصتی طمع دارم
 که باز گردم و جز دوست ارمنان نبود
 امید بیهوس و حسرت من افزون شد
 ازین نوید که اندوه جاودان نبود

بتان شهر ستم پیشه شهریارانند
 که در ستم روشش آموز روزگارانند
 بزند دل به ادایی که کس گمان نبرد
 فغان ز پرده نشینان که پرده دارانند
 نه زرع و کشت شناسند فی حدیقه و باغ
 ز بهر باده هواخواه باد و بارانند
 ز وعده گشته پشیمان و بهر دفع ملال
 امیدوار بمرگ امیدوارانند

توسرمه بین و ورق در نور و دم در کش
مبین که سحر نگاهان بیا به کار آید
ز چشم زخم بدین حیل که کی رهی غالب
دگر مگو که چو من در جهان هزار آید

(۱۳۶)

اندر آن روز که پیش رود از هر چه گذشت
کاش باما سخن از حسرت ما نیز کنند
گفته باشی که ز ما خواهش دیدار خطاست
این خطابیت که در روز جزا نیز کنند

(۱۳۷)

چه ذوق رهروی آنرا که خارخاری نیست
مرو بکعبه اگر راه ایمنی دارد
بیا و رید گرا اینجاست بود زیباندانی
غریب شهر سخنها می گفتنی دارد



۱۳۸

شنا سم سعی بخت خویش در نا مهر بانیها
بلرزم بر گلستان گر گلی دروا منم باشد
بدان تا بیا من آویزد چو حرف رنگ و بو گوید
دلم با اوستی اما زبان با گلشنم باشد

۱۳۹

گل چهره بر فروخت بد انسان که بارها
پروانه را هوس بسر شاخسار برد
نازم فریب صلح که غالب ز کوی تو
ناکام رفت و خاطر امیدوار برد

۱۴۰

خوشم گر استواری نیست همچون موج کارم را
که هر دم از شکست خود روانی بیشتر گیرد
خوشا روزیکه چون از مستی آویزم بدامانش
که از دستم کشد گاهم بروی چشم تر گیرد



ادایست اورا که از دل ربایی
 نهفتن ز شوخی به اظهار ماند
 چو جویم مراد از شگرفی که اورا
 نشستن ز شنگی برقرار ماند
 در آینه ما که تا ساز بختیم
 خط عکس طوطی بزنگار ماند
 بجز عقده غم چه بردل شمارد
 زبانی که در بند گفتار ماند

از رشک کرد آنچه بمن روزگار کرد
 در خستگی نشاط مرادید خوار کرد
 از بسکه در کشاکش از کار رفت دست
 بند مرا گستن بند استوار کرد
 کوه نظر حکیم که گفتی هر آینه
 نتوان فرون ز حوصله جبر اختیار کرد
 نو میدی از تو کفر و تو را ضی نه بکفر
 نو میدیم دگر بتو امیدوار کرد

هوای ساقی دارم که تاب ذوق رفتارش
صراحی را چو طأوسان بسمل پرفشان دارد
دلم در حلقه دام بلا میرقصم از شادی
همانا خویشتن را در خم زلفش گمان دارد
خدا را وقت پریش نیست گفتم بگذر از غالب
که هم جان برب و هم داستانها بر زبان دارد

دارم هوای آن پری کو بسکه نغز و سرکش است
ز افسون مستخر شد ولی ز بهر پیوخوان خوش نکرد
فریاد زان شهر مندی کار زند چوں در محشم
گویند اینک خیره سرکز دوست فرمان خوش نکرد
عامست لطف دلیبران جز عام نهند دل بر آن
عاشق ز خاصان نشد آن کو دل بخرمان خوش نکرد
با من میاویزای پدر من زنده آذر را نگرد
هر کس که شد صاحب نظر دین بزرگان خوش نکرد



۱۳۵

باخرد گفتم نشان اهل معنی باز گوگوی
گفت گفتاری که با کردار پیوندش بود

۱۳۶

من بوفامردم و رقیب بدر زد
نیمه لبش انگبین و نیمه تبر زد
برگ طرب ساختیم و باده گرفتیم
هر چه ز طبع زمانه بیهده سر زد
کام نه بخشیده گنه چه شماری
غالب مسکین بالتفات نیر زد

۱۳۷

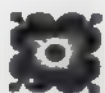
رسیده ایم بجوی تو جای آن دارد
که عمر صرف زمین بوسی قدم گردد
سبک سرایت بدر یوزه طرب رفتن
خوشادلی که باندوه محتشم گردد



شایسته همین ما و تو بودیم که تفتدیر
 ما را سخن نغز و ترا روی نکوداد
 ساقی دگر مبرد بمیخانه ز مسجد
 می یک دو قدح بود و فریتم به سبوداد

چو غمزه تو فسون اثر فرو خواند
 بلای راهزن از کاروان بگرداند
 بهار از رخت تاجه رنگ در نظر است
 که دمبدم ورق ارغوان بگرداند

خبر ز حال اسیران باغ چون نبود
 مرا که چیدن دام آشیان بجنباند
 جنون ساخته دارم چه خوش بود غالب
 که دوست سلسله امتحان بجنباند



گر رفته ام ز کوی تو آسان ز رفته ام
 این قصه از زبان عزیزان شنیده باد
 ذوقیست همدی بفرغان بگذرم ز رشک
 خار رهت بیای عزیزان خلیده باد
 چون دیده پای تا بسم تشنه کیست
 دل خون شواد و از بن هر مو چکیده باد

داغ دل ما شعله فشان ماند به پیری
 این شمع شب آخر شد و خاموش نکرده
 روزی که بمی زور و به فی شور نهفتند
 اندیشه بکار خرد و هوش نکرده
 گر داغ نهادند و گرد درد فرود دند
 نازم که به هنگامه فراموش نکرده

از حیا گیر نه از جور گر آن مایه ناز
 کشته تیغ ستم را بزیارت نرود
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غائب — ۱۰۰

تو بیک قطره خون ترک وضوگیری و ما
 میل خون از مرثه را نیم و طهارت نرود
 رمز شناس که هر نکسته ادلی دارد
 محرم آنست که ره جز با شارت نرود
 زاهد از حور بهشتی بجز این نشناسد
 که شود دست زد شوق و بکارت نرود
 سر دلیف

(۱۵۴)

چه پر سی کاین چنین داغ از کد امین تخم می خیزد
 دلم از سینه بیرون آرد پیش لاله کاران بر
 پشیمان می شوی از ناز بگذر زین گرانجانان
 دل از دلدادگان جوی و قرار از بیقراران بر

(۱۵۵)

نازم آیین کرم را که بسر گرمی خویش
 دشت را شمع و چراغ شب تار است بهار
 شوخی خوی ترا قاعده دانست خزان
 خوبی روی ترا آینه دار است بهار

در غمت غازه رخساره هوش است جنون
در رهت شانه گیسوی غبار است بهار
هم حریفان ترا طرف بساطت چمن
هم شهیدان ترا شمع مزار است بهار
بعد مشکین ترا غالیه سایست نسیم
رخ رنگین ترا غازه نگار است بهار
وحشتی میدمد از گرد پر افشانی رنگ
از کمین گاه که رم خورده شکار است بهار
به جهان گرمی هنگامه حسن است ز عشق
شورش اندوز ز غوغای هزار است بهار
خارها در ره سودا از دگان خواهد ریخت
ورنه در کوه و بیابان بچه کار است بهار
میتوان یافتن از ریزش شبنم غالب
که ز رشک نفسم در چه فشار است بهار

بیاد جوش تمنای دیدنم بنگر
چو اشک از سرمه زگان چکیدنم بنگر
انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۰۲

زمن بجرم تپیدن کناره میگردی
بیا بخاک من و آر میدنم بنگر
گذشته کار من از رشک غیر شرمت باد
ببزم وصل تو خود را ندیدنم بنگر
شنیده ام که نبینی و نا امید نیم
ندیدن تو شنیدم، شنیدنم بنگر
دمیدانه و بالید و آشیان گه شد
در انتظار هما دام چیدنم بنگر
نیاز مندی حسرت کشان نیدانی
نگاه من شود و دزدیده دیدنم بنگر
اگر هوای تماشای گلستان داری
بیا و عالم در خون تپیدنم بنگر
جفای شانه که تازی گسته زان نترس
ز پشت دست بزدان گزیدنم بنگر
بهار من شود گل گل شگفتنم دریاب
بخلو تم برو ساغر کشیدنم بنگر
بداد من نرسیدی ز درد جان دادم
بداد طرز تغافل رسیدنم بنگر

تواضعی بکنم بی تواضعی غالب
بسایه خم تیغش خمیدم بنگر

(۱۵۷)

بخود شمار وفاهای من ز مردم پرس
بمن حساب جفاهای خویشتن یاد آر
چه دید جان من از چشم پر خمار بگوی
چه رفت بر سرم از زلف پُر شکن یاد آر
خروش وزاری من در سیاهی شب زلف
دم قتادن دل در چسب ذقن یاد آر
بسج ناز تو بر من در آن محل چه گذشت
نخوانده آمدن من در انجمن یاد آر
هزار خسته و رنجور در جهان داری
یکی ز غالب رنجور خسته تن یاد آر

(۱۵۸)

بی دوست ز بس خاک فشاندم بر سر
صد چشمه روانست بدان را بگذر بر

غلتانی اشکم بود از حسرت دیدار
 آبیست نگاهم که پیچیده بگهر بر
 از خلد و سقر تا چه دهد دوست که دارم
 عیشی بخیاال اندر و داغی بجگر بر
 باله بخود آن مایه که در باغ نه گنجد
 سروی که کشد شش به تنای تو در بر
 عمری که بسودای تو گنجینه غم بود
 اینک بتو دادیم تو در عیش بسر بر
 مطرب بغزل خوانی و غالب بسماع است
 ساقی می و آلات می از حلقه بدر بر

(۱۵۹)

اسی دل از گلبن امید نشانی بمن آر
 نیست گرتازه گلی برگ خزانی بمن آر
 دلم ای شوق ز آشوب غمی نکشاید
 فتنه چند ز هنگامه ستانی بمن آر
 گیرم ای بخت هدف نیستم آخر گاهی
 غلط انداز خدنگی ز کمافی بمن آر

ای نیاورده بکف نامۀ شوقی ز کفی
 بزبان مروده و صلی ز زبانی بمن آر
 ای درانده توجان داده جهانی از رشک
 مکش از رشک و اندوه جهانی بمن آر
 یارب این مایه وجود از عدم آورده تست
 بوسۀ چند هم از گنج دہانی بمن آر
 سخن ساده دلم را نفسرید غالب
 نکته چند ز پیچیده بیانی بمن آر

(۱۶۰)

بر دل نفس غم سر آور
 چون ناله مرا ز من بر آور
 یا پایۀ آرزو بیمنز ای
 یا خواہش ما ز در آور
 عمری ز ہلاک تلختر رفت
 مرگی ز حیات خوشتر آور
 رنگین چمنی ز شعلہ آرای
 ابرائیسی ز آذر آور

بهای بشکر در فشان را
دلهای بعنم توانگر آور
ای ساخته غالب از نظیری
با قطره ربای گوهر آور

(۱۴۱)

ای ذوق نوا سنجی بازم بخروش آور
غوغای شبیخونی بر بنگه هوش آور
گر خود بنهد از سر از دیده فرو بارم
دل خون کن و آن خون را در سینه بجوش آور
هاں همدم سرزانه دانی ره ویرانه
شمعی که نخواهد شد از باد خموش آور
دانم که زری داری هر جا گزری داری
می گردند به سلطان از باده فروش آور
گر مرغ بکدور یزد بر کف نه و راهی شو
در شه بسو بخشد بر دار و بدوش آور
ریحان دمد از مینار امش چکد از قلقل
آن در ره چشم افکن این از پی گوش آور

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گاهى بسبکدستی از بادۀ زخویشم بر
گاهى بسیه مستی از نغمه بهوش آورد

(۱۶۲)

در گریه از بس نازکی رخ مانده بر خاکش نگر
وان سینه سودن از تپش بر خاک فناکش نگر
برقی که جانها سوختی دل از جفا سر دوش بین
شوخی که خونها ریختی دست از حنا پاکش نگر
آن کو بخلوت با خدا هرگز نکردی التجا
نالان به پیش هر کسی از جور افلاکش نگر
تا نام غم بردی زبان میگفت دریا در میان
دریای خون اکنون روان از چشم ستاکش نگر
آن سینه کز چشم جهان مانند جان بودی نهان
اینک به پیراهن عیان از روزن چاکش نگر
بر مقدم صید افگنی گوشی بر آواز شن بین
در بازگشت تو سنی چشمی بفتراکش نگر
بر آستان دیگری در شکر در بانش بین
در کوی از خود کمتری در رشک خاشاکش نگر

تا گشته خود نفرین شتو تلخست بر لب خنده اش
 زهری که پنهان میخورد پید از تر یا کشن نگر
 با خوبی چشم و دشن با گرمی آب و گلش
 چشم گهر بارش ببین آه شرر نا کشن نگر
 خواند با تمید اثر اشعار غالب بهر سحر
 از نکته چینی در گذر فرهنگ و ادرا کشن نگر

سادیف نر

(۱۶۳)

یارب ز جنون طرح غمی در نظم ریز
 صد بادیه در قالب دیوار و درم ریز
 هر برق که نظاره گدازست نهادش
 بگذار و به پیمانه ذوق نظم ریز
 مسکین خبر از لذت آزار ندارد
 خارم کن و در ر بگذر چاره گرم ریز

(۱۶۴)

صد قیامت در نور و هر نفس خون گشته است
 من ز خامی در فشار بیم سر دایم هنوز
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب ... — ۱۰۹

با تغافل بر نیامد طاقتم یک از هوس
در تمنای نگاه بی محابا بم همنوز
س دیف س

(۱۶۵)

موجی از شرابستم لختی از کبابستم
شور من هم از من جوی سوز من هم از من پرس
نیست باغودنها برگ پر کشودنها
از عدم برون آمد سعی آدم از من پرس
خلد را نهادم من لطف کوثر از من جوی
کعبه را سودم من شور زمزم از من پرس

(۱۶۶)

بگذاخت دل از ناله مگر این همه بس نیست
بیهوده امید اثری را چه کند کس
با خویشتن از رشک مدارا نتوان کرد
در راه محبت خضری را چه کند کس
گر سرخوشی از باده مراد است بیاشام
و اغط تو و یزدان خبری را چه کند کس

در راه عشق شیوه دانش قبول نیست
 حیفت است سعی رهرو پا از جبین شناس
 بی عنم نهاد مرد گرامی نمی شود
 ز نهار قدر خاطر اندو گلین شناس
 غالب مذاق ما نتوان یافتن زما
 رو شیوه نظیری و طرز حزین شناس

فرصت زد دست رفته و حسرت فشرده پای
 کار از دوا گذشته و افسون نکرده کس
 داغم ز عاشقان که ستمهای دوست را
 نسبت به مهربانی گردون نکرده کس
 شرمنده دلیم و رضا جوی ستا تلیم
 ما چون کنیم چاره خود چون نکرده کس
 سر دیف ش

تکیه بر عالم و عابد نتوان کرد که هست
 آن یکی بیهوده گو این دیگری بیهوده کوش
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۱۱

بوسه گر خود بود آسان مبراز شایه مست
یاده گر خود بود ارزان مسخر از باده فروش
همه محسوس بود ایزد و عالم معقول
غالب این زمزمه آواز نخواهد خاموش

(۱۴۰)

زرنگ و بوی گل و غنچه در نظر دارم
غبار قافله عمر و ناله جرسش
جلگه گرمی این جرعه تشنه تر گردید
فغان ز طرز فریب نگاه نیمرزش
خوشتم که دوست خود آئینا بی وفا باشد
که در گمان نسکالم امیدگاه کسش
بهار پیشه جوانی که غالبش نایمند
کنون ببین که چه خون می چکد ز هرش

(۱۴۱)

بخلد از سردی هنگامیه خواهم
برافروزم بگرد کوشش

دلی دارم که در هنگامِ شوق
 سرستش دوزخ است و گوهرِ آتش
 بسان موج میبالم بطوفان
 بزرگ شعله میرقضم در آتش

(۱۴۲)

دود سودایِ تنق بست آسمان نامیدمش
 دیده بر خواب پریشان زد جهان نامیدمش
 و هم خاکی ریخت در چشم بیابان دیدمش
 قطره بگدخت بحر بیکران نامیدمش
 باد دامن زد بر آتش نو بهاران خواندش
 داغ گشت آن شعله از مستی خزان نامیدش
 غربتم ناسازگار آمد وطن فهمیدمش
 کرد تنگی حلقه دام آشیان نامیدمش
 بود در پهلوی به تمکینی که دل می گفتش
 رفت از شوخی بآیینی که جان نامیدش
 او بفکر کشتن من بود آه از من که من
 لا اُبالی خواندش ناهربان نامیدش

تا بهم بروی سپاس خدمتی از خوشن
 بود صاحبخانه اما میهمان نامیدش
 دل زبانه را از دان آشنایان خواست
 گاه بهمان گفتش گاهی فلان نامیدش
 هم نگه جان میستاند هم تعافل میکند
 آن دم شمشیر و این پشت کمان نامیدش
 در سلوک از هر چه پیش آمد گذشتن داشتم
 کعبه دیدم نقش پای رهروان نامیدش
 بر امید شیوه صبر آزمایی زیستم
 تو بریدی از من و من امتحان نامیدش
 بود غالب عندلیبی از گلستان عجم
 من ز غفلت طوطی هندوستان نامیدش

(۱۴۳)

بستی دارم که گویی گر بروی سبزه بخرام
 زمین چون طوطی بسمل تپد از ذوق رفتارش
 بنای خانه ام ذوق خرابی داشت پنداری
 کز آمد آمد سیلاب در رقص است دیوارش
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۱۴

هزار آئینه ناز در مقابل نه
 هزار نقش دل افروز در برابرش
 اگر بباده گرایی قدح ز نرگس خواه
 دگر به سبزه ز شبنم برشته گوهرش
 بدان ترانه که ممنوع نیست مستی کن
 ازان شراب که نبود حرام ساغرش

سردیف ص

چون عکس پیل بسیل بذوق بلا برقص
 جا را نگاه دار و هم از خود جدا برقص
 نبود وقایع عهد می خوش غنیمت است
 از شاهان بنارش عهد وفا برقص
 ذوقیست جستجو چه زنی دم ز قطع راه
 رفتار گم کن و بصدای دریا برقص
 سر سبز بوده و بچمنها چمیده ایم
 اسی شعله در گداز خس و خوار ما برقص
 هم بر نوای چغند طریق سماع گیر
 هم در هوای جنبش بال هم با برقص

در عشق انبساط بپایان نمیرسد
 چون گرد باد خاک شود در هوا برقص
 فرسوده رسمهای عزیزان فرو گذار
 در سوره نوحه خوان و بزم عزرا برقص
 چون خشم صالحان و ولای منافقان
 در نفس خود میباشش ولی بر ملا برقص
 از سوختن الم ز شگفتن طرب مجوی
 بیهوده در کنار سموم و صبا برقص
 غالب بدین نشاط که وابسته که
 بر خویشتن ببال و ببند بلا برقص
 سر دلیف ض

(۱۴۶)

فارغ مشو ز دوست بمی در ریاض خلد
 از ما گرفت آنچه همان میدهد عوض
 سرمایۀ خرد بجنون ده که این کریم
 یک سود را هزار زیان میدهد عوض
 نبود سخن سرایی ما را یگان که دوست
 دل میرد ز ما و زبان میدهد عوض
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۱۶

پاداشش هر وفا بجفای دگر کند
غالب ببین که دوست چنان میدهد عوض
سردیفت ط

(۱۷۷)

بس نیست اینکه می گذرد در خیال ما
گفتی بعشق آه رسا بوده است شرط
لب بر بست نهادن و جان دادن از دست
در عرض شوق حس ادا بوده است شرط
تا نگذرم ز کعبه چه بینم که خود ز دیر
رفتن بکعبه رو بقفا بوده است شرط
غالب بعالمی که تویی خون دل بنوش
از بهر باده برگ و نوا بوده است شرط

(۱۷۸)

تیکه بر عهد زبان تو غلط بود غلط
کاین خود از طر زبان تو غلط بود غلط
غنیچه را نیک نظر کردم ادایی دارد
وینکه ماند بد بان تو غلط بود غلط
انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۱۷

دل نهادم به پیام تو خطا بود خطا
 کام بختن ز زبان تو غلط بود غلط
 هر جفایی تو بپاداش وفا نیست هنوز
 دعوی ما بگمان تو غلط بود غلط
 آخر اسی بوقلمون جلوه کجایی کاین جا
 هر چه دادند نشان تو غلط بود غلط
 شوق میثافت سر رشته و همی در نه
 هستی ما و میان تو غلط بود غلط
 آن تو باشی که نظیر تو عدم بود عدم
 سایه در سر و روان تو غلط بود غلط
 می پسندی که بدین زمزمه میر و غالب
 تیگه بر عهد زبان تو غلط بود غلط
 سادیف ظ

۱۴۹

مرا که باده ندارم ز روزگار چه حظ
 ترا که هست و نیا شامی از بهار چه حظ
 خوشست کوثر و پاکست باده که در دست
 ازان ر حیق مقدس درین خمار چه حظ
 انتخاب قاری غزلیات غالب — ۱۱۸

در انچه من نتوانم ز احتیاط چه سود
بد انچه دوست نخواهد ز اختیار چه حظ
سادیف ع

(۱۸۰)

نازم آن حسن که در جلوه ز شهرت باشد
خاطر آشوب گل و قاعده برهنم زن شمع
می گدازم نفسی بی شر و شعله و دود
داغ آن سوز نهانم که نباشد فن شمع

(۱۸۱)

شادم که بر انکار من شیخ و برهن گشته جمع
کز اختلاف کفر و دین خود خاطر من گشته جمع
صحبت و گوناگون اثر غالب چه خسی نیخبر
نیکان بسجده رفته در زندان بگلشن گشته جمع
سادیف ع

(۱۸۲)

مرو بگفت بد آموز و بیناک مباش
من وز ناله تلاشش اثر دروغ دروغ

فریب وعده بوس و کنار یعنی چه
 دهن دروغ دروغ و کمر دروغ دروغ
 من و بذوق قدم ترک سر دست دست
 تو در مهر بخاکم گذر دروغ دروغ
 اگر بمهر خواندی بناز خواهی کشت
 نه هر چه وعده کنی سر بسر دروغ دروغ
 درین ستیزه ظهوری گواه غالب بس
 من و زکوی تو عزم سفر دروغ دروغ

(۱۸۳)

هنگام بوسه بر لب جانان خورم دریغ
 در تشنگی بچشمه حیوان خورم دریغ
 آن ساده روستایی شهر مجتتم
 کز پیچ و خم بزلف پریشان خورم دریغ
 خواهیم ز بهر لذت آزار زندگی
 بر دل بلا فشانم و بر جان خورم دریغ
 از خود برون نرفته و در هم فاده تنگ
 در راه حق بگرو مسلمان خورم دریغ
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۲۰

دل زان تست بدیء تن کن کنار و بوس
چند از تو بر نوازش پنهان خورم و ریخ
غالب شنیده ام ز نظیری که گفته است
نالم ز چرخ گرنه با فغان خورم و ریخ
س د ی ف ف

۱۸۴

گل و شمع بمزار شهید اگشت تلف
نشدی راضی و عمرم بدعا گشت تلف
آمدی دیر بپیش چه نثار ت آرم
من و عمری که باندوده وفا گشت تلف
رنگ و بود ترا برگ و نوا بود مرا
رنگ و بو گشت کهن برگ و نوا گشت تلف
کاش پامی فلک از سیر بماندی غالب
روزگاری که تلف گشت چرا گشت تلف

۱۸۵

از عشق و حسن ما و تو با هم دگر در گفتگو
خسرو به مجنون یک طرف شیرین بهیلی یک طرف
انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۲۱

تما دل بدنیا داده ام در کشمکش افتاده ام
 اندوه فرصت یک طرف ذوق تماشا یک طرف
 ای بسته در بزم اثر بر غارت هوشم کمر
 مطرب بالخان یک طرف ساقی بصبها یک طرف
 خارا فلکان در راه من ترسان ز برقی آه من
 طفلان نادان یک طرف پیران دانا یک طرف
 و امانده در راه وفا از نیخودیها جا بجا
 نقم بمنزل یک طرف رخم بصحرا یک طرف
 بادیده و دل از دو سو ماندم ببند غم فرو
 اندوه پنهان یک طرف آشوب پیدا یک طرف
 ای آینه پیش نظر مستانه بر خود جلوه گر
 رجمی بجان خویش کن غمخواری ما یک طرف
 غالب چه تسکینم دهی در هجر آن سردهی
 رشک رقیبم میکشد فرط متنا یک طرف
 سر دیفت ق

۱۸۶

بهانه جوست کرم زانکه در گزارش کار
 نبوده حسن عمل بی علامت تو فیق

مرا که ذره لقب داده ای همی رقصم
که سبستی بزبان تو کرده ام تحقیق
ترا به پهلوی میخانه حبا دهم غالب
بشرط آنکه قناعت کنی بهوی رحیق

(۱۸۷)

ببزم باده گریبان کشودنش بگریه
خوشا بهانه مستی خوشا رعایت شوق
غلط کند ره و آید بکلبه ام ناگاه
صنم فریب بود شیوه هدایت شوق
ترا ز پرستش احباب بی نیاز کند
غرو ریگدلی و نازش حمایت شوق
سر دیفک

(۱۸۸)

با عاشق امتیاز تغافل نشان ده
تا خود ز شرم شکوه بیجا شود هلاک
با خضر گر نمیروم از بیم ناکیدست
ترسم ز جنگ همی ما شود هلاک
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غم لذت نیست خاص که طالب بندوق آن
پنهان نشاط و رزد و پیدا شود هلاک

(۱۸۹)

وحشتی نیست اگر خانه چراغی دارد
بادل از تیرگی زاویه خاک چه باک
غافل این برق بر اجزای وجودم زده است
مرتزا از نفس گرم اثر ناک چه باک
با رضای تو زنا سازی ایام چه بیم
با وفای تو ز بی مهری افلاک چه باک
سردیف ل

(۱۹۰)

بر کمال تو در اندازه کمال تو محیط
بر وجود تو در اندیشه وجود تو دلیل
نکنی چاره لب خشک سلمانی را
ای بترسایچگان کرده می ناب سبیل
غالب سوخته جان را چه بگفتار آری
بدیاری که ندانند نظیری ز قیتل
انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب ————— ۱۲۳

گفتم ز شادی نبودم گنجیدن آسان در بغل
 تنگم کشید از سادگی در وصل جانان در بغل
 نازم خطر و ز زیدنش و آن هرزه دل لرزیدنش
 چینی بیازی بر جبین دستی بدستان در بغل
 آه از تنک پیراهنی کافزون شدش تردامنی
 تا خوی برون داد از حیا گردید عریان در بغل
 دانش بی در باخته خود را ز من نشناخته
 رخ در کنارم ساخته از شرم پنهان در بغل
 گاهم به پهلوی خفته خوش بستی لب از حرف و سخن
 گاهم بیاز و مانده سر سودی ز نخدان در بغل
 ناخوانده آمد صبح که بند قبایش بی گره
 و اندر طلب منشور شه نکشوده عنوان در بغل
 بارخس سرهنگی روان کش خنجر و ژوپین بکفت
 وز پس جلوداری دوان کش گوی و چوگان در بغل
 می خورده در بستان سر مستانه گشتی سوبسو
 خود سایه او را از و صد باغ و بستان در بغل
 چون غنچه دیدی در چین، گفتم بگلبن کت ز من
 چون رفته ناوک از جگر چون مانده پیکان در بغل

هان غالب خلوت نشین بیمی چنان عیشی چنین
جاسوس سلطان در کمین مطلوب سلطان در بغل

(۱۹۲)

اندیشه را به نیم ادا می توان فریفت
خون کن دلی که از تو کند آرزوی گل
تا گل برنگ و بوی که ماند که در چسمن
گل در پس گل آمده در جستجوی گل
جوش بهار بسکه بهارش گسته است
تا زود بدشت نافت بهیرا به بوی گل
زانکه که عند لیب لقب داده ای مرا
افزوده امید من و آبروی گل

(۱۹۳)

اندیشه را سراسر حشریت در برابر
نظاره را دادم بر قیست در مقابل
شمع ز رویا بی داغ جبین خلوت
چنگم ز بینوایی ننگ بساط محفل
انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۲۶

با من نموده مجنون بیعت به فن سودا
بر تو فشانده لیلی ز یور ز طرف محمل
سر دیفت م

(۱۹۲)

رفتم که کهنگی ز تماشا بر افکنم
در بزم رنگ و بو نمطی دیگر افکنم
در وجد اهل صومعه ذوق نظاره نیست
ناهید را بزم مزه از منظر افکنم
معشوقه را ز ناله بد انسان کنم حزین
کز لاغری ز ساعد او زیور افکنم
هنگامه را بحسیم جنون بر جگر زخم
اندیشه را هوای فسون در سر افکنم
نخلم که هم بجای رطب طوطی آورم
ابرم که هم بروی زمین گوهر افکنم
با غازیان ز شرح غم کارزار نفس
شمشیر را بر عشه ز تن جوهر افکنم
با دیریان ز شکوه بیداد اهل دین
مهری ز خویشتن بدل کافر افکنم

ضعفم بکعبه مرتبه قرب خاص داد
 سجاده گسری تو دمن بستر افکنم
 تا باده تلخ تر شود و سینه ریشتر
 بگدازم آبیگینه و در ساغر افکنم
 راهی ز کج دیر به مینو کشوده ام
 از خم کشم پیاله و در کوثر افکنم
 منصور فرست علی الهیان منم
 آوازه "انا اسد الله" در افکنم
 از زنده گوهری چو من اندر زمانه نیست
 خود را بخاک رهگذر حیدر افکنم
 غالب بطرح منقبت عاشقانه
 رفتم که کهنگی ز متسا شایر افکنم

(۱۹۵)

بسکه پیچید بخویش جاده ز گمراهیم
 ره بدرازی دهد عشوه کوتا بهیم
 شعله چکه غم کراگل شگفت مزد کو
 شمع شبستانیم باد سحر گاهیم

انتخاب قادی غزلیات غالب — ۱۲۸

جور بتان دلکش است محو بد اندیشیم
 پند کسان آتش است داغ نگو خواهیم
 گوشه ویرانه را آفت هر روزه ام
 منزل جانانه را فتنه ناگاهیم
 دور قدام زیاد ماهی بی دجله ام
 نیست دلم در کنار دجله بی ماهیم
 آن تن چون سیم خام وان همه انگیزتن
 تا چه فراهم شدست اجرت جانکاهیم
 جذب تو باید قوی کان بر دباک نیست
 گر نتواند رسید بخت بهمراهیم
 غالب نام آورم نام و نشانم میسر
 هم اسد اللهم و هم اسد اللهم

(۱۹۶)

ناله بلب شکسته ایم داغ بدل نهفته ایم
 دولتیان مُسکیم زرنج زانه کرده ایم
 تا بچه مایه سرکنیم ناله بعد ز بی غمی
 از نفس آنچه داشتیم صرف ترانه کرده ایم

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غالب از آنکه خیر و شر جز بقضا نبوده است
کار جهان ز پیر دلی بی خبرانه کرده ایم

(۱۹۷)

جوهر اندیشه دل خون گشتنی در کار داشت
غازۀ رخساره حسن خدا داد خودم
از بهار رفته درس زنگ و بوی دارم هنوز
در غمت خاطر فریب جان ناشاد خودم
میدهم دل را ز بیدادت فریب التفات
سادگی بنگر که در دایم توصیت داد خودم

(۱۹۸)

یاد باد آن روز گاران کا عتباری داشتم
آه آتشناک و حشمت اشکباری داشتم
تا که امین جلوه ز آن کافر ادا میخواستم
کز هجوم شوق در وصل انتظاری داشتم
چون سر آمد پاره از عمر قامت خم گرفت
این منم کز خویشتن برخویش باری داشتم

تا چه سخم دوزخ و کوثر که من نیز اینچنین
آتش در سینه و آبی بساغر داشتم
دوش بر من عرض کردند آنچه در کونین بود
زان همه کالای رنگارنگ دل برداشتم
هیچ میدانی که غالب چون بسز مردم بدهر
منکه طبع بلبس و شغل سمندر داشتم

اینچه شورست که از شوق تو در سر دارم
دل پروانه و تمکین سمندر دارم
ای متاع دو جهان رنگ بعرض آورده
هان صلابی که ازین جمله دلی بردارم
مرحبا سوین و جان بخشی آبش غالب
خنده بر گمرهی خضر و سکندر دارم

اختلاط شبنم و خورشید تابان دیده ام
جراتی باید که عرض شوق دیدارش کنم

دل با حریت ساخته و ماز سادگی
 بر مدعای خویش گواہش گرفته ایم
 از چشم ما خیال تو بیرون نمیرود
 گویی بدام تارنگا، هوش گرفته ایم
 در عرض شوق صرفه نبردیم در وصال
 در شکوه های خواه مخواه، هوش گرفته ایم
 حرفی مزین ز غالب و رنج گران او
 کوهی معارض پر کا، هوش گرفته ایم

در هیچ نسخه معنی لفظ امید نیست
 فرهنگ نامهای تمنا نوشته ایم
 دارد رخت بخون تماشا خطی ز حسن
 روشن سواد این ورق نا نوشته ایم
 آغشته ایم هر سرخاری بخون دل
 قانون باغبانی صحرا نوشته ایم



بی پردگی محشر رسوائی خویشتم
 در پرده یک خلق تماشایی خویشتم
 فی جلوه نازی نه تفت برق عتابی
 او فارغ و من داغ شکیبایی خویشتم
 یا بوی تو جولان سبک خیزی شو قم
 در کوی تو جهان گران پایی خویشتم
 غالب ز جفای نفس گرم چه نالی
 پندار که شمع شب تنهایی خویشتم

گم گشته بکوی تو نه دل بلکه خبر هم
 در لرزه زخوی تو نه دم بلکه اثر هم
 دیدیم که می مستی اسرار ندارد
 رفیقیم و به پیمانه فشر دیم جگر هم
 تا حسن به بی پردگی جلوه صلازد
 دیدیم که تازی ز نقابست نظر هم
 اسکندر و سرچشمه آبی که زلال است
 ما و لب لعلی که شرابست و شکر هم

رنگها چون شد فراهم مصرفی دیگر نداشت
 خلد را نقش و نگار طاق نسیان کرده ایم
 از شرر گل در گریبان نشاط افکنده اند
 خنده با بر فرصت عشرت پرستان کرده ایم
 میگساران قحط و مایه صبر عشرت مفت کیست
 باده ماتا کهن گردید از زان کرده ایم
 حق شناس صحبت بیتابی پروانه ایم
 گرچه مشق ناله با مرغ سحر خوان کرده ایم

میفتانم بال و در بندر بای نیستم
 طائر شوقم بدام انتظار افتاده ام
 کار و بار موج با بحر است خود داری مجوی
 در شکستن خویشتن بی اختیار افتاده ام
 کشتی بی ناخدا م سرگذشت من پیرس
 از شکست خویش بر دریا کنار افتاده ام



سوخت جگر تا کجا رنج چکیدن دهم
 رنگ شوای خون گرم تا به پریدن دهم
 جلوه غلط کرده اند رخ بکشتا تا زهر
 ذره و پروانه را مرزده دیدن دهم
 سبزه مادر عدم تشنه برق بلاست
 در ره یل بهار شرح میدن دهم
 بر اثر کوکبن ناله فرستاده ایم
 تا جگر سنگ را ذوق دریدن دهم
 شیوه تسلیم ما بوده تواضع طلب
 در خم محراب تیغ تن بنمیدن دهم
 خیز که راز درون در جگر فی دهم
 ناله خود را ز خویش داد شنیدن دهم
 غالب از اوراق ما نقش ظهوری دید
 سرمه حیرت کیشم دیده بدیدن دهم

دل ز جوش گریه گر بر خوشتن بالدر دست
 قطره بود دست و بحر بیکرانش کرده ام
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۳۵

در حقیقت ناله از مغز جان رویداده ایست
 که برای عذر بیتابی زبانش کرده ام
 در تلاش منصب گلچینیم دارد هنوز
 آنکه ساقی را بمستی باغبانش کرده ام
 تا نیارد خرده بر بدستی دو شتم گرفت
 بوسه را در گفتگو مهر دهاش کرده ام

(۲۱۰)

میربایم بوسه و عرض ندامت میکنم
 اختراعی چند در آداب صحبت میکنم
 چشم بد دور التفاتی در خیال آورده ام
 هر چه دشمن میکند با دوست نسبت میکنم
 دستگاه گلفشانیهای رحمت دیده ام
 خنده بر لبی برگی توفیق طاعت میکنم

(۲۱۱)

آتش افروخته و خلق بحیرت نگران
 رخصتی ده که بهنگامه هنر بنمایم
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چون بمحشر اثر سجده ز سیما جویند
داغ سودای تو ناچار ز سر بنمایم

(۲۱۲)

دگر نگاه ترا مست ناز می خواهم
حساب فتنه ز آیام باز می خواهم
گذشتم از گله در وصل فرصتم با دا
زبان کوتاه و دست دراز می خواهم
گرفته خاطر از اسباب سرخوشی باقیست
ترانه که ننگبدر بساز می خواهم
دوینی نمانده و من شکوه بخم اینت شگفت
میان تو و خویش امتیاز می خواهم
برون میا که هم از منظر کناره بام
نظاره ز در نیم باز می خواهم
زمانه خاک مرا در نظر نمی آرد
نه نقش پای تو اش سرفراز می خواهم
همین بس است که میرم ز رشک خواهش غیر
ز عرض ناز ترا بی نیاز می خواهم

زمن حذر نکنی گر لباس دین دارم
 نهفته کافر و بت در آستین دارم
 ترا نگفتم اگر جان و عمر معذورم
 که من وفای تو با خویش یقین دارم

بیا که قاعده آسمان بگردانیم
 قضا بگردش رطل گران بگردانیم
 ز چشم و دل به تماشا تمتع اندوزیم
 ز جان و دل بمدار زیان بگردانیم
 بگوشه بنشینیم و در فرساز کنیم
 بکوچه بر سر ره پاسبان بگردانیم
 اگر ز شخته بود گیر و دار ندیشیم
 و گر ز شاه رسد ارمان بگردانیم
 اگر کلیم شود هم زبان سخن نکنیم
 و گر خلیل شود میهمان بگردانیم
 ندیم و مطرب و ساقی ز انجمن رانیم
 بکار و بار زنی کاروان بگردانیم

انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۳۸

گهی به لای سخن با ادا بیا میزدیم
 گهی به بوسه زبان در دهان بگردانیم
 ز جوش سینه سحر را نفس فرو بندیم
 بلای گرمی روز از جهان بگردانیم
 بجنگ باج تانان شاخساری را
 تهی بید ز در گلستان بگردانیم
 به صلح بال فشانان صبح گاهی را
 ز شاخسار سوی آشیان بگردانیم
 ز حیدریم من و تو ز ما عجب نبود
 گر آفتاب سوی خاوران بگردانیم
 بمن وصال تو باور نمی کند غالب
 بیا که قاعده آسمان بگردانیم

(۲۱۵)

دانش و گنجینه پنداری یکیت
 حق نهان داد آنچه پیدا خواستیم
 چون بخواهش کارها کردند راست
 خویش را سرمست و رسوا خواستیم
 انتخاب فاضلی غریبات غالب — ۱۳۹

رفت و باز آمد، بیا در دام ما
 باز سر دادیم و عنقا خواستیم
 هم بخوا، هیش قطع خوا، هیش خواستند
 عذر خوا، هیشهای بیجا خواستیم
 قطع خوا، هیشها ز ما صورت نداشت
 همت از غالب همانا خواستیم

(۲۱۶)

نالہ تا گم نکند راه لب از ظلمت غم
 جان چرا غیبت که بر را بگذر داشتیم
 جا گرفتن بدل دوست نه اندازه ماست
 تو همان گیر که آهیم و اثر داشتیم
 داریدیم که غالب بمیان بود نقاب
 کاش داشتیم که از روی که برداشتیم

(۲۱۷)

چه پری کز لب و وقت قدح نوشی چه میخوایم
 همین بوسیدنی چون مست تر گردی میکنم
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غالب — ۱۳۰

چه خیزد گر نقابی از میان برخاست کوسکین
که می بینم نقاب عارض یار است دیدن هم

(۲۱۸)

بگذار که از راه نشینان تو باشم
پایی که شود مرحله پیمای ندارم
خاشاک مرا تاب شرر چهره فروز است
در جلوه سپاس از چمن آرای ندارم

(۲۱۹)

پرسد سبب بیخودی از مهر و من از بیم
در عذر بخون غلتم و گفتار ندانم
بوسم بخیا لش لب و چون تازه کند جور
از سادگیش بی سبب آزار ندانم
هر خون که فشانده مرده در دل قدم باز
خود را بغم دوست زیان کار ندانم
زخم جگرم بخیه و مرهم نه پسندم
موج گهرم جنبش و رفتار ندانم

نفت خردم سکه سلطان نپذیرم
جنس هنرم گرمی بازار ندانم
سر دلیف بن

(۲۲۰)

در رسایی سیم عقد با پیایی زن
در روانی کارم فتنه با شاور کن
زین در و نه کاویها گوهرم بجفت نامد
خدمتی معین شد ابحر تی مقرر کن

(۲۲۱)

ریشک بر تشنه تنهار و وادی دارم
نه بر آسوده دلان حرم و زمزم شان
بگذر از خسته دلانی که ندانی همدار
خستگانند که دانی و نداری غم شان
غالب سوخته جان گرچه نیز ز دیشمار
هست در بزم سخن همنفس و همدم شان



جنون مستم به فصل نو بهارم میتوان کشتن
 صراحی برکف و گل در کنارم میتوان کشتن
 تغافلها می یارم زنده دارد ورنه در بنز مش
 بجرم گریه بی اختیارم میتوان کشتن

خار و خس هر که در آتش سوخت آتش میشود
 مردم از ذوق لبست چندان که جان خواهم شدن
 محو گشتم در تغافل برنتابم التفات
 گز چشتم جادهی خواب گران خواهم شدن
 آیم از شرم وفا و از خودم پا در گل است
 تانپنداری که از کویت روان خواهم شدن
 پیش خود بسیار مشتاق توام
 تا کجا صرف گداز امتحان خواهم شدن
 بسکه فکر معنی نازک همی کاهند مرا
 شاید اندیشه را موی میان خواهم شدن



ز آسایش دل گرچه مرادی دگرم نیست
باری نفس چند بهنجار کشیدن
فرجام سخن گوینی غالب بتو گویم
خون جگرست از رگ گفتار کشیدن

رشک سختم چیست نه شهید هست این
تلخایه سرخوش گداز نفسست این
ای ناله جگر در شکن دام میفشان
سرمایه آرایش چاک قفسست این
لب بر لب دلبز نیم و جان بسیارم
ترکیب یخی کردن صدمتست این

شیوه زندان بی پروا خرام از من میسر
اینقدر دانم که دشوار است آسان زیستن
راحت جاوید ترک اختلاط مرد مست
چون خضر باید ز چشم خلق پنهان زیستن

تا زگی شوق چیست رنگ طرب ریختن
 چهره ز خوناب چشم رشک ارم داشتن
 با همه آشکستگی دم ز درستی زدن
 با همه دغستگی تاب ستم داشتن
 در خم دام بلا بال فشان زیستن
 با سر زلف دو تا عسره هم داشتن

تو و در کنار شوقم گره از جبین کشودن
 من و بر رخ دو عالم در دل فراز کردن
 ز غم تو باد شرمم که چه مایه شوخ چشمی است
 ز شکست رنگ بر رخ در خلد باز کردن
 نفسم گداخت شوق ستم است گر تو دانی
 که ز تاب ناله خون شده ز پاس راز کردن
 بفشار رشک بزممت نه چنان گداخت گلشن
 که میان گل و مل رسد امتیاز کردن
 رخ گل ز غازه کاری بنگاه بندد آیین
 نرسد بخش شکایت ز چمن طراز کردن

(۲۲۹)

دگر به پیش وی ای گل چه هدیه خواهی برد
مگر به گدیه کفی پیشش میتوان کردن
تو جمع باش که مارا درین پریشانی
شکایتیست که با خویش میتوان کردن
خرام ناز تو با صحن گلستان دارد
رعایتی که بدرویش میتوان کردن

(۲۳۰)

لب دو ختم ز شکوه ز خود فارغم شمرد
شناخت قدر پریشش پنهان شناختن
از شیوه های خاطر مشکل پسند کیست
کشتن بجرم درد ز درمان شناختن
غالب بقدر حوصله باشد کلام مرد
باید ز حرف نبض حریفان شناختن

(۲۳۱)

چگویم در سپاس بیکسیها
زهی نا مهربانان مهربانان

گلی بر گوشه دستار داری
خوشا بخت بلند باغبانان
گذشت از دل ولی نگذشت از دل
خدنگ غمره زورین کمانان

(۲۳۲)

تا ز دیوانم که سرمست سخن خواهد شدن
این می از قحط خریداری کهن خواهد شدن
گو بگویم را در عدم اوج قبولی بوده است
شهرت شعرم بیگیتی بعد من خواهد شدن
چشم کور آینه دعوی بکف خواهد گرفت
دست شل مشاطه زلف سخن خواهد شدن
شاید مضمون که اینک شهری جان و دست
روستا آواره کام و دهن خواهد شدن
هم فروغ شمع هستی تیرگی خواهد گزید
هم بساط بزم مستی پر شکن خواهد شدن
پرده ها از روی کار همه گر خواهد افتاد
خلوت گبر و مسلمان انجمن خواهد شدن

در ته هر حرف غالب چیده ام میخانه
تا ز دیوانم که سرمست سخن خواهد شدن
سردیف و

(۲۳۳)

تا ازین بی ادبی قهر تو افزون گردد
گله سازیت که آهنگ دعا خیزد ازو
بینوایان تو درد سر دعوی ندهند
بشکنند ساز و فانی که صدا خیزد ازو
بمشام که رسد نکبت زلفت سیاهی
که همه بنخودی باد صبا خیزد ازو
بوسه بعد از طلب بوسه نبخشد لذت
چون جوابی که بانداز حیا خیزد ازو

(۲۳۴)

دوشینه گل به بستر و بالین نداشتی
آن برگ گل که در تن نازک خلیده کو
گوی خمش شوی، چو ز کیم بدر روی
آن دل که جز بناله تیغ آرمیده کو

بالم بخویش بسکه ببند کند تو
 مردم گمان کنند که تنگم ببند تو
 آزادیم نخواهی و ترسم کزین نشاط
 بالم بخود چنان که بنگم ببند تو
 از ما چه دیده که بما از گداز دل
 همچون شکر در آب بود نوش خند تو
 اسی کعبه چون من از دل یار او فداست
 این بت که او فداه ز طاق بلند تو

دولت به غلط نبود از سعی پشیمان شو
 کافر نتوانی شد ناچار مسلمان شو
 از هرزه روان گشتن قلمزمن توان گشتن
 جونی بخیا بان روایی به بیابان شو
 هم خانه بسامان به هم جلوه فرزندان به
 در کعبه اقامت کن در بتکده همان شو
 آوازه معنی را بر ساز دبستان زن
 هنگامه صورت را باز پیچه طفلان شو

افسانه شادی را یکسر خط بطلان کش
 غننامه ماتم را آرایشش عنوان شو
 گر چرخ فلک گردی سر بر خط فرمان به
 در گوی زمین باشی وقف خم چو گان شو
 آورده غم عشقم در بندگی ایزد
 اسی داغ بدل در رو و ز جبهه نمایان شو
 در بند شکیبایی مردم ز حب گر خایی
 اسی حوصله تنگی کن اسی غصه فراوان شو
 جان داد بغم غالب خشنودی رجش را
 در بزم عزای می کش در نوحه غرنخوان شو
 سر دیف ۵

(۲۳۷)

شور سودای تو نازم که بگل می بنخشد
 چاک از پرده دل سر بگریبان زده
 آه از بزم وصال تو که هر سودا دارد
 نشتر از ریزه مینا برگ جان زده
 شور اشکی به فشار بن مرثگان دارم
 طعنه بر بی سرو سامانی طوفان زده

آه از آن ناله که تا شب اثری باز نداد
بهم آهنگی مرغان سحر خوان زده

(۲۳۸)

دارم دلی ز غصه گریخته گریخته
بر خویشتن ز آبله چیزی فروده
خواهم شود بشکوه و پیغاره رام من
در گونه گون ادا بزبانها ستوده
با دوستان مباحثه دارم ز سادگی
در باب آشنایی نا آزموده
نخلت نگر که در حسنا تم نیافتند
جز روزه درست بصبه کشوده
در بزم غالب آسی و بشعر سخن گرای
خواهی که بشنوی سخن نا شنوده

(۲۳۹)

هفت دوزخ در نهاد شرمساری مضرت
انتقامت اینکه با مجرم مدارا کرده

در ته هر حرف غالب چیده ام میخانه
تا ز دیوانم که سرمست سخن خواهد شدن
سردیف و

(۲۳۳)

تا ازین بنی ادبی قهر تو افزون گردد
گله سازیت که آهنگ دعا خیزد ازو
بینوایان تو درد سر دعوی ندهند
بشکنند ساز وفایی که صدا خیزد ازو
بمشام که رسد نکبت زلفت سیاهی
که همه بنخودی باد صبا خیزد ازو
بوسه بعد از طلب بوسه نبخشد لذت
چون جوابی که بانداز حیا خیزد ازو

(۲۳۴)

دوشینه گل به بستر و بالیس نداشتی
آن برگ گل که در تن نازک خلیده کو
گوئی خموش شوی؛ پیوز کویم بدر روی
آن دل که جز بناله نهیچ آرمیده کو

بالم بخویش بسکه ببند کند تو
 مردم گمان کنند که تنگم ببند تو
 آزادیم نخواهی و ترسم کزین نشاط
 بالم بخود چنان که بنگم ببند تو
 از ما چه دیده که بما از گداز دل
 همچون شکر در آب بود نوش خند تو
 ای کعبه چون من از دل یار افتاده است
 این بت که افتاده ز طاق بلند تو

دولت به غلط نبود از سعی پشیمان شو
 کافر نتوانی شد ناچار مسلمان شو
 از هرزه روان گشتن قلمز م نتوان گشتن
 جویی بخیا بان روسلی به سیابان شو
 هم خانه بسامان به هم جلوه فردزان به
 در کعبه اقامت کن در بتکده همان شو
 آوازه معنی را بر ساز دبستان زن
 هنگامه صورت را باز پیچ طفلان شو
 انتخاب فارسی غزلیات غائب — ۱۴۹

افسانه شادی را یکسر خط بطلان کش
 غننامه ماتم را آرایش عنوان شو
 گر چرخ فلک گردی سر بر خط فرمان به
 ورگویی زمین باشی وقف خم چوگان شو
 آورده عنم عشقم در بندگی ایزد
 اسی داغ بدل در رو وز جبهه نمایان شو
 در بند شکیبایی مردم ز حب گر خای
 اسی حوصله تنگی کن اسی غصه فراوان شو
 جان داد بغم غالب خشنودی روشن را
 در بزم عزای می کش در نوحه غزنخوان شو
 سر دیف ۵

(۲۳۷)

شور سودای تو نازم که بگل می بخشد
 چاک از پرده دل سر بگریبان زده
 آه از بزم وصال تو که هر سودا دارد
 نشتر از ریزه مینا برگ جان زده
 شور اشکی به فشار بن مرثگان دارم
 طعنه بر بی سرو سامانی طوفان زده

آه از آن ناله که تا شب اثری باز نداد
به هم آهنگی مرغان سحر خوان زده

(۲۳۸)

دارم دلی ز غصه گرانبار بوده
برخویشتن ز آبله چیرزی فروده
خواهم شود بشکوه و پیغاره رام من
در گونه گون ادا بزبانها ستوده
با دوستان مباحثه دارم ز سادگی
در باب آشنایی نا آزموده
نخلت نگر که در حنا تم نیا فتد
جز روزه درست بصبه کشوده
در بزم غالب آمی و بشعر سخن گرامی
خواهی که بشنوی سخن ناشنوده

(۲۳۹)

هفت دوزخ در نهاد شرمساری مضرت
انتقامت اینکه با مجرم مدارا کرده

صد کشاد آنرا که هم امروز رخ بنموده
 مرزده باد آنرا که محو ذوق فسر داده
 خستگان را دل پر ششهای پنهان برده
 بادستان گر نواز ششهای پیدا کرده
 ذره را روشناس صد بیابان گفته
 قطره را آشنای هفت دریا کرده
 دجله میجوشد همانا دیده با جویای تست
 شعله میبالد مگر در سینه با جا کرده
 جلوه و نظاره پنداری که از یک گوهر است
 خویش را در پرده خلقی تماشا کرده
 دیده میگریزد زبان مینالد و دل می تپد
 عقده با از کار غالب سرسبز و کرده

(۲۴۰)

شوق را عریده با حسن خود آرا باقی است
 من و صد پاره دلی بر صفت مرغان زده
 حسن در جلوه گریها نکشد منت غیر
 هر گل از خویش تن است آتش دامن زده

گر نه نواها سرود می چه غمستی
 منکه نیم گر نبود می چه غمستی
 چون دل یاران توان بهزل بودن
 من بسخن گر ر بودی چه غمستی
 گر به سخن مست گشتی که به مستی
 گفته خود راستودی چه غمستی
 چیف ز عیسی که دور رفت و گرنه
 معجزه دم نمودی چه غمستی
 آه ز داود کان نمساند و گرنه
 ناله به لحن آزمودی چه غمستی

خرسندی دل پرده کشای اثری هست
 شادم که مرا اینهمه شادی بغمستی
 در عهد تو هنگام تماشای گل از شرم
 نظاره و گل غرقه خواب، همستی

در جنون بمن ماناست گرز عجز خون گردد
 ناله که برخیزد از دل گرفتاری
 غم چه در بود از ما اینک آنچه بود از ما
 سینه و اندوهی خاطری و آزاری
 بر جنون صلابی زن عقل را قفای زن
 داده ز نامردی سر ببند دستاری
 کاش کان بت کاشی در پذیرم غالب
 بنده تو ام گویم گویدم زنانه آری

نخواهم از صف حوران ز صد هزار یکی
 مرا بست ز خوبان روزگار یکی
 سراغ وحدت ذاتش توان ز کثرت جست
 که سائرست در اعداد بیشمار یکی
 چگویم از دل و جانی که در بساط منست
 ستم رسیده یکی نا امیدوار یکی
 دو برق فتنه نهفتند در کف خاکی
 بلای جبر یکی رنج اختیار یکی

دم از ریاست دہلی نمیزنم غالب
منم ز خاک نشینان آن دیار یکی

(۲۳۵)

جان باغ و بہار اما در پیش تو خاستی
تن مشت غبار اما در کوی تو جاستی
ساقی بزر افشانی دانم ز کرمسانی
پیمانہ گران تر دہ گمر بادہ گمرانستی
ہم جلوہ دیدارش در دیدہ نگاہستی
ہم لذت آزارش در سیمہ روانستی

(۲۳۶)

تا بزم ز دل برد کافر ادایی
بالا بلندی کوتہ قبایی
در دیرگیری غافل نوازی
در زود میری عاشق ستایی
چون مرگ ناگہ بسیار تلخی
چون جان شیرین اندک وفایی

در کام بختی ممسک امیری
 در دستانی مبرم گدایی
 از زلف پر خم مشکین نقابی
 از تابش تن زرتین ردایی
 در عرض دعوی لیلی نگوئی
 بر رخم غالب مجنون ستایی

(۲۳۷)

بدل ز عریده جایی که داشتی داری
 شمشیر عهد و قایی که داشتی داری
 عتاب و مهر تو از هم شناختن نتوان
 خرد فریب ادایی که داشتی داری
 خراب باده و دوشینه سرت گرم
 ادای لغزش پایی که داشتی داری
 جهانیان ز تو برگشته اند گر غالب
 ترا چه باک خدایی که داشتی داری



به نیم ناز که طرح جهان نو فکنی
 زمین بگستری و آسمان بگردانی
 بیک کرشمه که بر گلبن خزان ریزی
 بهار را بدر بوستان بگردانی
 بخاطری که در آینی بجلوه آراینی
 بلای ظلمت مرگ از روان بگردانی
 وفاتای شوی چون مرا بیا داری
 بخویش طعنه زنی و زبان بگردانی

بیهوده نیست سعی صبا در دیار ما
 ای بومی گل پیام تمنای کیستی
 خون گشتم از تو باغ و بهار که بوده
 گشتی مرا بغمره سیحای کیستی
 با تو بهار این همه سامان ناز کیست
 فهرست کارخانه یغمای کیستی
 از هیچ نقش غیر نکوبنی ندیده
 ای دیده محو چهره زیبای کیستی

۲۵۰

شاد باش ای غم ز بیم مرگم ایمن ساختی
گشت صرف زندگانی بود گر دشواری
با خرد گفتم چه باشد مرگ بعد از زندگی
گفت هی خواب گرانی از پس بیداری

۲۵۱

فرقت نه اندک زدلم تا بدل تو
معذوری اگر حرف مرا زود نیابی
در مشرب ما خواهش فردوس نجویی
در محبص ما طالع مسعود نیابی
در باده اندیشه ما درد نه بینی
در آتش هنگامه ما درد نیابی
آن شرم که در پرده گری بودنداری
آن شوق که در پرده دری بودند نیابی

۲۵۲

دریا ز حباب آبله پای طلب تست
نور منظر ای گوهر نایاب کعبایی

بوی گل و شبیغم نسزد کلبه ما را
 صرصر تو کجا رفتی و سیلاب کجایی
 چون نیست نمکسای اشکم بفغانم
 کای روشنی دیده بیخواب کجایی
 شورست نواریزی تارِ نفسم را
 پیدانه ای جنبش مضراب کجایی

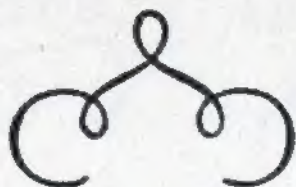
(۲۵۳)

دیده و رآنکه تا نهند دل بشمار دلبری
 در دل سنگ بنگر در قص بتان آذری
 ای تو که هیچ ذره را جزیره تو روی نیست
 در طلبت توان گرفت بادیه را برهبری
 رشک ملک چه و چرا چون بتوره نمی برد
 بیهده در هوای تومی پرد از سبکسری
 چیف که من بخون تپیم وز تو سخن رود که تو
 اشک بدیده بشمری ناله بسینه بنگری
 بینی ام از گداز دل در جگر آتشی چو سیل
 غالب اگر دم سخن ره بضمیر من بری

سخن زد دشمن و غمهای ناگوارش نیست
 ز دوست داغ ستمهای نارواست
 چگونه تنگ تو انم کشیدنت بخار
 که با تو در گله از تنگی قباستی

بهجوم جلوه گل کاروانم را غبارستی
 طلوع نشه می مشرقم را آفتابستی
 فغانم را نوای صور محشر هم عناستی
 بیانم را رواج شور طوفان در رکابستی
 دلم میجویی و از رشک می میرم که درستی
 چرا از آن گوشه ابر و اشارت کامیابستی
 گلویم تشنه و جان و دلم افسرده بی ساقی
 بده نوشینه دارویی که هم آتش هم آبستی
 بگویم ظالمی اما تو در دل بوده و ان گه
 دلی دارم که همچون خانه ظالم خرابستی





PERSIAN TEXT OF

Ghazals

Dr. Yusuf Husain Khan is an author of more than two dozen books in Urdu, English and French, and has made an intense study of the works of Ghalib during the last 50 years. His critical work on this poet, *Ghalib aur Ahang-i-Ghalib*, is considered a work of highest merit on the subject. His contribution to the study of Urdu literature is also exemplified by his books like *Ruh-i-Iqbal*, *Urdu Ghazal*, and *Hafiz aur Iqbal*. He has also translated *Urdu Ghazals of Ghalib* into English which has earned him high acclaim. His translation of Ghalib's poetry retains the spirit of the poet's work, and at the same time is a faithful rendering of his actual words and phrases.